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THE  
LADIES'  
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

—————  
AUGUST, 1827.  
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STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Thou soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream,  
Of things more than mortal sweet Shakespeare would dream.  
The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed,  
For hallowed the turf is which pillow'd his head.

GARRICK.

TO a homeless man, who has no spot on this wide world which he can truly call his own, there is a momentary feeling of something like independance and territorial consequence, when, after a long weary day's travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into slippers, and stretches himself before the fire. Let the world without go as it may; let kingdoms rise or fall; so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bills, he is, for the time-being, the very monarch of all he surveys. The arm-chair is his throne, the poker his sceptre, and the little parlour, of some twelve feet square, his undisputed empire. It is a morsel of certainty, snatched from the midst of the uncertainties of life; it is a sunny moment gleaming out kindly on a cloudy day; and he who has advanced some way on the pilgrimage of existence knows the importance of husbanding even morsels and moments of enjoyment. "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" thought I, as I gave the fire a stir, lolled back in my elbow-chair, and cast a complacent look about the little parlour of the Red-Horse, at Stratford-on-Avon.

The words of sweet Shakespeare were just passing through my mind as the clock struck midnight from the tower of the church in which he lies buried. There was a gentle tap at the door, and a pretty chamber-maid, putting in her smiling face, inquired, with a hesitating air, whether I had rung. I understood it as a modest hint that it was time to retire. My dream

of absolute dominion was at an end; so abdicating my throne, like a prudent potentate to avoid being deposed, and putting the Stratford Guide-book under my arm as a pillow companion, I went to bed, and dreamt all night of Shakespeare, the Jubilee, and David Garrick.

I had come to Stratford on a poetical pilgrimage.—My first visit was to the house where Shakespeare was born, and where, according to tradition, he was brought up to his father's craft of wool-combing. It is a small mean-looking edifice of wood and plaster, a true nestling-place for genius, which seems to delight in hatching its offspring in bye corners. The walls of its squalid chambers are covered with names and inscriptions in every language, by pilgrims of all nations, ranks, and conditions, from the prince to the peasant; and present a simple, but striking, instance of the spontaneous and universal homage of mankind to the great poet of nature.

The house is shown by a garrulous old lady with a frosty red face, lighted up by a cold blue anxious eye, and garnished with artificial locks of flaxen hair, curling from under an exceedingly dirty cap. She was peculiarly assiduous in exhibiting the relics with which this, like all other celebrated shrines, abounds. There was the shattered stock of the very matchlock with which Shakespeare shot the deer, on his poaching exploits. There, too, was his tobacco-box; which proves that he was a rival smoker of Sir Walter Raleigh; the sword also with which he played Hamlet; and the identical lantern with which Friar Laurence discovered Romeo and Juliet at the tomb! There was an ample supply also of Shakespeare's mulberry-tree, which seems to have as extraordinary powers of self-multiplication as the wood of the true cross; of which there is enough extant to build a ship of the line.

The most favourite object of curiosity, however, is Shakespeare's chair; it stands in the chimney-nook of a small gloomy chamber, just behind what was his father's shop. *Here he may many a time have sat when a boy, watching the slow revolving spit with all the longing of an urchin; or of an evening, listening to the cronies and gossips of Stratford, dealing forth church-yard tales and legendary anecdotes of the troublesome times of England.* In this chair it is the custom of every one that visits the house to sit; whether this be done with the hope of imbibing any of the inspiration of the bard,

I am at a loss to say ; I merely mention the fact ; and mine hostess privately assured me, that, though built of solid oak, such was the fervent zeal of devotees, that the chair had to be new-bottomed at least once in three years. It is worthy of notice also, in the history of this extraordinary chair, that it partakes something of the volatile nature of the Santa Casa of Loretta, or the flying chair of the Arabian enchanter ; for though sold some few years since to a northern princess, yet, strange to tell, it has found its way back again to the old chimney corner.

From the birth-place of Shakespeare a few paces brought me to his grave. He lies buried in the chancel of the parish-church, a large and venerable pile, mouldering with age, but richly ornamented. It stands on the banks of the Avon, on an embowered point, and separated by adjoining gardens from the suburbs of the town. Its situation is quiet and retired ; the river runs murmuring at the foot of the church-yard, and the elms which grow upon its banks droop their branches into its clear bosom. An avenue of limes, the boughs of which are curiously interlaced, so as to form in summer an arched way of foliage, leads up from the gate of the yard to the church porch. The graves are overgrown with grass ; the grey tombstones, some of them nearly sunk into the earth, are half covered with moss, which has likewise tinted the reverend old building. Small birds have built their nests in the cornices and fissures of the walls, and keep up a continual flutter and chirping ; and rooks are sailing and cawing about its lofty grey spire.

We approached the church through the avenue of limes, and entered by a gothic porch, highly ornamented, with carved doors of massive oak. The interior is spacious, and the architecture and embellishments superior to those of most country churches. There are several ancient monuments of nobility and gentry, over some of which hang funeral escutcheons and banners dropping peice-meal from the walls. The tomb of Shakespeare is in the chancel. The place is solemn and sepulchral. Tall elms wave before the pointed windows, and the Avon, which runs at a short distance from the walls, keeps up a low perpetual murmur. A flat stone marks the spot where the bard is buried. There are four lines inscribed on it, said to have been written by himself, and which have in them something extremely awful. If they are indeed his own, they show that

solicitude about the quiet of the grave, which seems natural to fine sensibilities and thoughtful minds:—

Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here:  
Blessed be he that spares these stones,  
And cursed be he that moves my bones.

Just over the grave, in a niche of the wall, is a bust of Shakespeare, put up shortly after his death, and considered as a resemblance. The aspect is pleasant and serene, with a finely arched forehead; and I thought I could read in it clear indications of that cheerful, social disposition, by which he was as much characterised among his contemporaries as by the vastness of his genius. The inscription mentions his age at the time of his decease fifty-three years; an untimely death for the world; for what fruit might not be expected from the golden autumn of such a mind, sheltered as it was from the stormy vicissitudes of life, and flourishing in the sunshine of popular and royal favour.

As I crossed the bridge over the Avon, on my return, I paused to contemplate its distant church, in which the poet lies buried, and could not but exult in the malediction which has kept his ashes undisturbed in quiet and hallowed vaults. What honour could his name have derived from being mingled in dusty companionship with the epitaphs, and escutcheons, and venal eulogiums of a titled multitude! What would a crowded corner in Westminster-Abbey have been, compared with this reverend pile, which seems to stand in beautiful loneliness as his sole mausoleum! The solicitude about the grave may be but the offspring of an over-wrought sensibility; but human nature is made up of foibles and prejudices; and its best and tenderest affections are mingled with these factitious feelings. He who has sought renown about the world, and has reaped a full harvest of worldly favour, will find, after all, that there is no love, no admiration, no applause so sweet to the soul, as that which springs up in his native place. It is there that he seeks to be gathered in peace and honour among his kindred and his early friends. And when the weary heart and failing head begin to warn him that the evening of his life is drawing on, he turns, as fondly as does the infant to the mother's arms, to sink to sleep in the bosom of the scene of his childhood.



How would it have cheered the spirit of the youthful bard, when, wandering forth in disgrace upon a doubtful world, he cast back a heavy look upon his paternal home, could he have foreseen that, before many years, he should return to it covered with renown; that his name should become the boast and glory of his native place; that his ashes should be religiously guarded as its most precious treasure; and that its lessening spires, on which his eyes were fixed in tearful contemplation, should one day become the beacon, towering amidst the gentle landscape, to guide the literary pilgrim of every nation to his tomb!

D. D.

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#### ACCOUNT OF THE BENI-SAOOD, OR, WAHABEES.

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THESE predatory Arabs were represented to be, in their persons, dress, manner of living, and religious tenets, every thing that was hideous, frightful, and savage; their extraordinary capacity of going, like their camels, two or three days, without food or drink, struck me, however, as the most surprising; but when I expressed my doubts on this head, it was confirmed by the united voices of all the assembly. In war, they are said to mount two on a camel, and to use, alternately, muskets, swords, and spears; but the chiefs, the look-out, and the couriers, are mounted singly, and perform journeys of a hundred miles without once alighting. A story is told of one of these couriers having gone from the neighbourhood of Aleppo all the way to Bagdad, in five days, upon the same animal, without once dismounting, but merely giving his beast a moment to snatch a few dry herbs by the way, and supporting himself by a little dough of flour and butter, with the small quantity of water contained in a lamb's skin, hung from the camel's side.

Many of the tribes of the Great Desert, who have embraced the religion of the Wahabees, are said to be strangers even to the use of bread. It is affirmed, that they subsist entirely on dried dates and the milk of their camels, with the flesh of such of these animals as die of sickness or old age. These, it is said, they often eat in a raw state; and it is agreed, on all hands,

that they have neither sheep, goats, nor other cattle, except their camels: their deserts furnishing neither water nor other sustenance for them.

Notwithstanding the permanent state of want in which these people live, being destitute of what, by others, are considered the bare necessities of life, they marry and multiply exceedingly; and their incursions upon the territories of others are chiefly in search of new pastures for their flocks, and food for their attendants. During the winter, they retire into the depths of their own deserts, where the few shrubs that exist are then found, and where water is occasionally to be met with. At the commencement of summer, when the violent heats burn up every blade of verdure, and exhaust the sources of their wells, they disperse themselves over the edge of the cultivated country, east of the Jordan and Dead Sea. They are come upon here also, upon the southern edge of Mesopotamia, where they encamp in the spring, to the terror of all caravans passing this way, as, if their force be sufficiently strong, they never fail to plunder them. They do not, however, destroy the lives of their captives, except when resistance is made, or bloodshed on their side, when they are desperate in their revenge. They suffer to pass free all commodities that are useless to them, such as paper, indigo, unworked metals, (excepting silver and gold), and all heavy wares not worth the labour of removal. It is related of one of these Wahabees, engaged in the plunder of a caravan, that on being asked what were the things contained in some small barrels, (which were full of cochineal,) he replied, they were the seeds of coffee, which is forbidden among the Wahabees, and therefore could not be retained. As these barrels, however, were useful to the captors, for water, or other common purposes, the cochineal was scattered on the sands, and the empty casks carefully preserved.

The Wahabees, however, from having had some communication with towns, know the value of gold and silver, pearls, and rich stuffs, which sometimes form the ladings of caravans; and these they plunder, to barter for other articles more suited to their wants, which they effect by emissaries sent into the large cities around them, where they are unknown and unsuspected.

## THE DUKE OF ROTHESAY;

AN

## Historical Sketch.

Oh! restless as the ceaseless, troubled flow  
Of rushing waters o'er their rocky bed,  
Runs in dark strength the stream of human woe,  
Till dried by death the fount that being fed.

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THE last rays of the sun had long ceased to gleam through the gothic windows of the Cathedral church of St. Andrew's, and the moon was flinging a softer glory over vale and hill; yet the bells still rung forth a merry peal; and the roads and avenues leading to the town were thronged with eager and expectant faces.

The inhabitants of St. Andrew's had come forth to welcome the arrival of the Duke of Rothesay, who had been appointed to take possession of the castle that evening.—The hour announced for his appearance past away, and the crowd manifested their disappointment in sullen and discontented murmurs, flinging down the wreaths of flowers they had gathered fresh that morning to strew in his path; and, leaving them to wither in the dust, the frail emblems of human hope, returned with dejected looks to their respective dwellings.

"The crowd disperses, Margaret! the Duke will not be here to-night, and we must give up all hope of seeing the pageant," said Mary Greame, the widowed daughter of John Selkirk, the governor of the castle, to her old nurse who was pacing the leads with the infant son of her young mistress in her arms. "I trow, my lady, that it will be a different spectacle from the one you expect to see—you look for gallant knights, and prancing steeds, and all the baubles that wait on royalty.—You came forth to meet a Prince, and you will behold a reed shaken by the wind."

"You speak in riddles to-night, Margaret;" returned the lovely woman, drawing nearer to her grey-haired monitress.

"I tell you, Lady, that, ere long, you will weep and lament; but those of your own kindred will rejoice."

"Is it the death of my sweet boy you point at, Margaret? I trow, his iron-hearted grandsire would give you somewhat for such an instance of second sight."

"I tell you, lovely Mary, that there's a voice of wailing in my ears. It mingles with the gay peals of those joyous bells, and speaks in hollow tones of woe and death."

As the old sybil ceased speaking, the trampling of horses sounded on the pavement beneath; and Mary, starting from the unpleasant reflections to which these words had given rise, hastened to a post from whence she could observe what was passing below.

The moon, which was at the full, had gained some height in the heavens; and she could plainly distinguish the harsh, stern features of her father, as, mounted on his stout roan war-charger, he rode foremost of a band of troopers who were crossing the draw-bridge in a regular phalanx, as if to guard some one who occupied their centre.

"This cannot be the Duke, Margaret, who is conducted hither with such secrecy; and whose approach is neither welcomed by sound of trump or discharge of fire-arms!"

"Hush! my lady, there are strange tidings abroad to-night.—Observe all, but say nought."

The troop had gained the centre of the court; and, on Selkirk commanding them to halt, the band fell back, and exposed to the gaze of the astonished Mary, the individual whom they had guarded with drawn sword, and at the point of lance.

No gallant knight met her enquiring glance.—She beheld a man meanly attired, in a soiled and tattered riding cloak, and mounted on a sorry palfrey that seemed hardly equal to sustain the athletic form of its rider.

"It is the Prince!" said Margaret, fixing her hollow eyes with intense interest on the group beneath.

"Surely you do not mean that stranger in the mean apparel, Margaret? He looks more like a war-worn soldier of fortune, than a gallant duke."

"See, he dismounts, my lady; and his step is that of a king, firm and majestic."

"Jesu Maria!" exclaimed Mary Grcame, folding her hands together;—"why is he here, in such a guise, and thus attended?"

"His enemies have prevailed. He is your father's prisoner," returned the old woman; but ere Mary could reply, she placed her finger cautiously on her lip,—*"Hush! we are overheard: I hear your brother's voice,—he is demanding your*



presence in the hall, to give the necessary orders for the entertainment of your father and his troop."

Mary Greame hastily obeyed the summons; but as she entered the hall of the castle she heard Selkirk in fierce altercation with his noble prisoner, who was pacing its precincts in great agitation; the cloak that had concealed the fine proportions of his noble figure, was thrown aside, together with the hunting-cap that had shaded his features. His countenance was flushed with a feverish and impatient glow; but an expression of sorrow, almost amounting to despair, was mingled with the defiance that flushed from his keen hazel eyes, as his glance, from time to time, fell on the sordid governor, who was standing by a large table in a morose and dogged attitude; his hand resting on a written paper; while, from beneath his heavy half-closed eyelids, he was narrowly watching the motions of his prisoner.

As Mary approached, with timid, faltering steps, the scene of action, the Prince suddenly advanced towards Selkirk, and striking his hand fiercely against the table, said, in a stern and commanding voice,—“Produce your warrant, John Selkirk!—Shew me by what authority you dare to detain me as your prisoner.”

“By that of the King,” returned Selkirk, coldly pointing to his commission.

The Duke took the scroll from the hand of the governor, and proceeded to examine it with hasty gesture and an incredulous air; but as he read on, his countenance changed: anger gave place to an expression of contemptuous pity.—“Poor, deluded old man,” he said; “you have listened to the advice of evil counsellors, and thrown from you the only real friend you possessed, the bulwark of your crown.—And you, false-hearted Albany”—he continued, pacing the hall with hurried steps; “who have plotted so successfully with the traitor, William of Rossey, against my peace, may the just God requite you both for your nefarious deeds!”

Then turning to the governor, he said, in a calmer tone, “I submit to the king’s warrant, and acknowledge myself his prisoner; but I expect that no outward respect will be wanting towards the person of his son.”

“Such courtesies are not usually observed to an attainted traitor!” muttered Selkirk, half-raising his heavy eyes to the face of his victim, but they sunk before the blazing orbs of

the indignant Prince; who, springing on the trembling governor, with one blow levelled him at his feet, while he exclaimed in a voice trembling with contending passions—"Ha! traitor, sayst thou?—Die! false loon, with that foul calumny in thy throat!—thank heaven, my arm is still at liberty to give a wretch like thee, the base tool of an insolent rebel, his just deserts!"—"Beware, my lord! how you provoke your fate," said the younger Selkirk, stepping in between the enraged Duke and his father:—"your sentence is already past, and this frantic violence will only hasten its fulfilment."

The Duke staid his uplifted hand, and glanced from father to son, with the air of one who was examining how far he might trust the evidence of his own senses.—As he surveyed the countenances of his murderers, his own changed; and, perhaps, for the first time, a full conviction of his danger seemed now to press upon his mind; and folding his hands together, he exclaimed, "O Lord! thou hast delivered me into the hands of sinful men.—If my own kindred have hardened their hearts against me, what mercy can I expect from these?"

As the unfortunate prince passed through the hall to the place of his confinement, his eyes fell on the fairy figure of Mary Greame, who stood like a statue, near the door-way, a mute and terrified spectatress of the scene.—It was but a transient glance of interest and curiosity, as if marvelling how a being so fair and gentle could own any affinity with the ruthless men who surrounded him; yet it served to strengthen the resolution she had formed to save his life, even at the peril of her own.

Though still in the very bloom of youth, Mary had early held acquaintance with grief.—She had united her destiny with a gallant and distinguished officer, against the wishes of her father; she saw him fall beneath the hand of her vindictive brother; she beheld the comely form of her first and only love trampled beneath the feet of his inhuman murderers, and at the age of two-and-twenty found herself a widow and desolate in her father's house, with no mother's fostering hand to dry her tears, and with no friend to restore those withered hopes which had perished for ever in the grave of her husband.

Little could be expected from the tenderness of a parent who was a stranger to the feelings of humanity, who, to gratify the first base passion of his breast, had eagerly undertaken

to be the executioner of his Prince; who, without one mental struggle, had consented to become the instrument of destruction in the hands of traitors.

Subjected to the harshest treatment from that father and brother, Mary Greame had hailed the arrival of the Duke of Rothsay at the castle, as an event which would terminate her sufferings; and she had long determined to ask his protection for herself and her infant son.

She now saw the hopes perish she had so fondly indulged; she heard the unfortunate prince condemned to a death, at the bare mention of which humanity shudders; and she resolved by one bold effort to save herself and him.—Two days had rolled slowly over the royal captive; but time in its flight brought to him no healing on its wings.—Never had the rosy light of day pierced the depths of that dark prison-house; the wretched men who had terminated their earthly career in its interminable gloom had there found also a grave, and the empty chain which hung suspended over the unhallowed spot was the sole memorial of their fate.

The Duke was seated on one of these unturfed mounds, pondering over his perished hopes, and his present forlorn condition, recalling the many instances which he had known of the instability of human grandeur; the feverish irritation of suspense at length yielding to the agonizing calls of hunger, a sickening chill crept through his shuddering frame; and the appalling conviction that days must elapse before exhausted nature could terminate his sufferings, pressed so intensely on his mind, that, yielding to the weakness of the moment, he bent his head on his throbbing hands, and wept long and bitterly.

From this waste of feeling he was roused by what seemed the sound of approaching footsteps. He started, and listened with an interest so intense, that it seemed to sharpen the fierce calls of hunger.—Nor was he mistaken in his conjecture; a light streamed through a narrow crevice in his dungeon-wall; and a female voice chaunted in soft low accents, near him—

There's hope for those who sleep  
In the cold and silent grave,  
For those who smile, for those who weep,  
For the freeman and the slave!

There's hope on the battle plain,  
'Mid the charging shock of foes;  
On the dark and troubled main,  
When the gale in thunder blows.

He who dispenses hopes to all,  
Withholds it not from thee;  
He breaks the woe-worn captive's thrall,  
And sets the prisoner free!

The voice ceased: and the Duke approaching the crevice through which the light streamed, instantly recognized the delicate features and slight form of the young female he had seen in the hall on the first night of his imprisonment. She stood amid the gloom of the damp vaults wrapped in a dark cloak, holding a small silver lamp in her hand, which revealed the marble paleness of her face, and shed a soft glory round the fair tresses which shaded it.

"Beautiful stranger!" exclaimed the Duke in a faltering voice, "why risk your life to infuse hope into the breast of a lost, unhappy man?"

"All is not lost, my lord," returned Mary, stepping nearer, and speaking with energy; "while one heart remains true to your cause, and is willing to aid you."

"My friends have forsaken me," said the Duke with a heavy sigh; "and what aid can I expect from the hand of a delicate woman?—Can you break these chains from my swollen limbs, open the iron portals of my dungeon, or, close the grave which yawns at my feet?—Leave me, therefore, fair girl! to die; nor give birth to hopes you cannot realize; and which can only add bitterness to the pangs of death."

"Much is in my power," returned Mary, quickly: "though I cannot release you without the aid of some of your followers from this den of iniquity, I can, at least, prolong the final fulfilment of your sentence; and in gaining even a small portion of time, much may be achieved. The just God, in whose hand is the fate of princes, may frustrate the stratagems of your enemies, and raise up some friend to save you."

"You are right!" exclaimed the Duke, gathering hope from her words; "time may do all things for me. It may convince the King of the strong delusion under which he has acted, and break the shaft in the bow of my enemies."



As he ceased speaking, Mary advanced towards the aperture, and thrust through some thin oaten cakes, which she and Margaret had prepared for that purpose. The prince received them with the avidity of a starving man, but ere he tasted the tempting food, he said, "Lady! your goodness is of no avail; I perish with thirst!"

The crimson glow mounted even to the brow of the high-minded woman: she turned trembling away, as in broken accents, she replied, "Water is not in my gift to bestow. I can only offer you drink from the same fount that supplies my infant with life."

"You are a mother, then?" returned the astonished Duke, deeply affected at this proof of her loyalty.—Say not that you are the wife of the sordid John Selkirk, or his infamous son."

"Alas!" said Mary Greame, bursting into tears, "my heart is desolate—my husband is in his grave: that gallant chief for whose untimely death even you, noble Rothesay, did not disdain to weep ——"

"Generous woman! you are no stranger to me now," returned the Duke, regarding her with the most tender interest. "It is the widow of my brave Furgus Greame, who would prolong my life at the peril of her own.—Should heaven restore me to my lawful rights, you may claim my gratitude, even to the half of my throne."

"Hush! hush! noble Rothesay! circumstances can alone compel you to use these flattering words to one of my degree. Should you ever wear the crown of Scotland, all the reward I ask for my present services is your protection for my infant son."

Before the prince could answer, the castle-bell struok two, and its heavy toll awaking the dull echoes of those gloomy vaults, Mary started, extinguished her light, and instantly retired.

Weeks rolled on; and every night brought the daughter of Selkirk to the prison of the Duke, who hailed her approach with feelings of rapture, that almost lightened the horrors of captivity.

By the means of a trusty messenger she informed a powerful nobleman of the prince's faction, of his royal master's situation, and the precarious tenure on which he held his life.

Lord Maxwell returned a favourable answer, and added the

promise of a rescue on the following morning.—Elated with these tidings, her joy almost surpassed the bounds of prudence.

“How will he rejoice in this blessed intelligence!” she exclaimed, as she equipped herself for her nocturnal visit: “To-morrow, and my Prince, my hero, is free!”—Then, taking her babe from the cradle, she held him long and fondly to her breast, “And you, my cherub boy!” she continued, passionately kissing him, “may rest in safety, nor fear the cruel threats of evil men.” Then, affectionately pressing the hand of her old nurse, she bade her pray for her success and safe return.

The old sybil shook her head—“My lady, in life we are in death, sayeth the priest. Go, and God speed you!”

The night-wind blew fresh and coldly as Mary Greame descended the steps that led to the dungeon. A sudden and unknown dread crept over her. She paused, and seemed doubtful for a moment whether to advance or retire; then, remembering that she was the messenger of glad tidings, she stilled her fears and sprung forward.—She had not reached the bottom of the steps, ere an iron grasp detained her course. The light fell from her palsied hand; but ere its last flash expired, she beheld the giant form of her brother rising like a dark shadow through the gloom.—No cry burst from her lips, as she sunk shuddering at his feet; prayers for mercy to him she knew were vain, and she had died beneath his hand without a struggle, had not the feelings of maternal love mastered the feelings of death, and in tones which thrilled even the savage heart of her murderer, she exclaimed,—“My child!—My child!—Alexander! have mercy on my child!”

Just at the moment Mary Greame expired, the Duke started from a troubled slumber.—His heart was beating violently; a cold damp stood upon his brow; and, clasping his hands together, he exclaimed with fervour, “Thank God, it was but a dream!”—He struggled with himself, but could not overcome the horrors that had haunted his sleep.—He rose from the ground, and listened.—A death-like silence reigned around.—“Mary!” he exclaimed, in an impatient voice, “why do not you come, according to your promise?—Where do you tarry?”—Sleep again closed his eyes, a soft light filled the dungeon; and the being he invoked again stood before him.—“Ha!” he cried, holding out his hand towards her, “Maxwell has been true to his oath. He has burst the bars of my prison, and sent you,

sweet messenger of mercy, to announce my freedom."—A smile past over the wan features of Mary Greame; an expression of ineffable sweetness filled her eyes; and, pointing upwards, the vision faded from his dream, as mist-wreaths vanish at the glance of day.—The morning revealed the depths of that dungeon to the light of day.—The Earl of Maxwell took possession of the fortress in the name of the King, but he whom they sought was no more: heart-broken, and disgusted with the ills of life, he had exchanged an earthly diadem for an eternal crown.

S. S.

### PECULIARITY OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

I HAVE often heard it remarked and complained of by travellers and strangers, that they never could get a true answer from any Irish peasant, as to distances, when on a journey. For many years I thought it most unaccountable: If you meet a peasant on your journey, and ask him how far, for instance, to Balinrobe? he will probably say "It is three short miles." You travel on, and are informed by the next peasant you meet "that it is five long miles." On you go, and the next will tell, "Your honour, it is four miles, or about that same:" the fourth will swear "If your honour stops at three miles, you'll never get there;" but on pointing to a town before you, and enquiring what place that is, he replies, "Oh, plaze your honour, that's Balinrobe, sure enough." "Why, you said it was more than three miles off?" "Oh, yes, to be sure, and sartain, that's from my own cabin, plaze your honour; we are no scolards in this country: arrah how can we tell any distance, plaze your honour, but from our own little cabins? Nobody but the school-master knows that, plaze your honour." Thus is the mystery unravelled: when you ask any peasant the distance of the place you require, he never computes it from where you then are, but from his own cabin. So that if you asked twenty, in all probability, you would have as many different answers, and not one of them correct; but it is to be observed that frequently you can get no reply at all, unless you understand Irish.

*Barrington's Sketches.*

## PRIZE ESSAY.

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"VIEW OF THE HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY; MORAL, POLITICAL, AND CIVIL  
STATE OF ANCIENT AND MODERN AFRICA."

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### INTRODUCTION.

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PROGRESSIVE GEOGRAPHY AND GENERAL FEATURES OF THE COUNTRY.

AFRICA, once the seat of science, literature, and the arts, has through many centuries, exhibited nothing but degradation, ignorance, and vice. Her former splendour has been shrouded in the deepest darkness; and the proud trophies of her ancient glory have long lain buried in forgetfulness and ruins. Egypt no longer retains her rank as the fountain of learning; Carthage, as the rival of the Eternal City, is no longer terrible in arms; her glory is departed; and the veterans of Cannæ, no longer exist in the persons of their degenerate descendants. Whoever recollects the glowing details of personal courage and national enthusiasm, of which Africa was the theatre, as narrated in the pages of the Latin historians; and, at the same time, recalls to memory the piety and the learning of the venerable fathers, who, in the earliest age of the Christian church, assembled to discuss and define the doctrines of the Christian faith, must painfully perceive how deep is the humiliation of this once enlightened continent; and how far it has receded from its ancient heroism, and pristine faith. All is now confessedly dark and discouraging; yet not hopeless. The will of heaven ordains her restoration and future glory; even now the dawn of a brighter morning breaks over her gloomy hills of darkness: the purple tints of orient day streak, and glow in her horizon, and give the promise of a morning without clouds, whose more perfect brightness shall usher in the fullness of her noontide glory. They that now sit in the sackcloth and ashes of fallen majesty shall, ere long, arise, and, in all the power of renovated strength and renewed influence, once more give energy to genius and activity to virtue.

The following view is intended to present to the general reader, a condensed but full account of the history, geography, customs, manners, natural history, arts, and sciences, of this large and important portion of the world. Our limits will not allow of unnecessary detail, or minute description; we



shall, however, endeavour that the brevity of our narrative may not destroy its interest, nor its conciseness unnecessarily exclude any important or interesting information, which ought to be found in our pages.

Although Africa is the third in magnitude and population of the great divisions of the world, it is less known to Europeans than any other. America, which was once only known as the land of immeasurable wilds and trackless wastes, is, by the recent political changes of its various states, fast emerging from obscurity; whilst the spirit of enterprize and commerce is quickly developing its energies, and discovering its resources and its power. Africa, on the other hand, is slow and tardy in her progress. Long oppression has paralyzed her exertions, and retarded her improvements; but her natural position is one of great advantage. A long line of sea-coast, of upwards of 12,000 miles, affords various and great facilities for commerce. Her rivers, if not large, are numerous; her local advantages many; the soil, near the coast and rivers especially, rich and worthy of cultivation. Standing, as it were, in the centre of the globe, it has the advantage of a more easy communication with Europe, Asia, and America, than is possessed by any of the other parts of the world.

In shape, Africa resembles a triangle, of which the northern coast, washed by the Mediterranean-sea, is the base; it is joined by the Isthmus of Suez to Asia, from which it is divided by the Red-sea, and the Straits of Babelmandel. The Atlantic-ocean, forms its western boundary; whilst the proud billows of the vast Pacific roll in awful majesty round its southern extremity.

The extreme length of Africa, from Cape Servot or Birserta\*, north of Tunis, to Cape Aguillas, below that of Good-hope, is nearly 4350 miles; and its extreme breadth, from Cape Guardafui at the entrance to the Red-sea, to Cape de Verd, is about 4150; including an area, stretching from the 37th degree of north latitude to 34 degrees south;

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\* It may be necessary to inform the reader that a great difference exists among geographers not only as to the pronunciation, but to the orthography of African names. We shall follow what, to us, appears the most natural mode, and for which the best authority exists; without, however, assuming to determine points of doubtful disputation.

and contained by the meridians of 52 east and 17 west. As the greatest part of this vast extent of country lies within the tropics, the heat is, in many parts, extreme, and the reflection of the rays of the sun from vast deserts of burning sand, renders it almost insupportably oppressive to an European constitution.

Of this vast continent nothing was known to the ancients beyond its northern coast, stretching from east to west, from Egypt, through Lybia, Africa Propria, Numidia, Mauritania, Getulia, to its western coast, opposite to the Fortunate or Canary Isles; and of this extent of country little was known in a southern direction, below the 25th degree of latitude; whilst even of the several states whose names we have just mentioned, the respective boundaries were very imperfectly defined. Of Africa interior, all was vague conjecture; the more southern countries being but very imperfectly known to the Greeks and Romans.

The part of Africa, however, with which they were acquainted, was renowned in ancient story: she possessed powerful states, and warlike kingdoms; distinguished alike for literature, science, wealth, and power. Egypt was early celebrated in sacred history; Ethiopia was not less so; whilst Carthage, the powerful rival of Rome, covered the neighbouring seas with her ships, and extended her commerce even to the remotest shores of the then known world.

In remote antiquity the inhabitants of one part of the world were but little acquainted with those of another: they were strangers even to their nearest neighbours. In the infancy of society, few are the wants of man; little inducement, therefore, exists to influence him to pass the limits of his own immediate country, in order to explore distant and unknown regions. It is not, consequently, matter of surprise, if we find the history of Africa involved in obscurity and fable.

As Greece was considered the centre of the world, the appellation of the other portions of the Earth was designated by their relative situation with respect to it. The coast of Lybia being directly south of Greece, was hence called Africa, or South-land; and this appellation, originally bestowed on a small district of its northern coast, became, gradually, appropriated to designate the whole continent. The northern coast being thus early known to the Europeans, the spirit of discovery gradually proceeded with a more advanced step on

the western side of the continent; but it does not appear that the circumnavigation of the whole coast was ever accomplished; although Herodotus states that Necho, King of Egypt, the same who, in the sacred writings, 2 Kings, xxiii. 29, is called Pharoah Necho, about B. C. 610. fitted out an expedition for this express purpose, directing the navigators to sail down the Arabian Gulf into the Southern Ocean; to double the columns of Hercules, and to return by the way of the Mediterranean. What the result of this expedition was, we have no certain information; but we may infer that the science of navigation was then too much in its infancy, and the obstacles too numerous and formidable to have rendered success probable—There are, however, some persons who believe, that the voyage was performed.\*

We have, in the Periplus of Hanno, an account of an expedition of sixty vessels and 30,000 persons, under the conduct of Hanno, about 30 or 40 years after the expedition of Necho, for the discovery and colonization of Africa; after passing eastward beyond the limits of Lybia, they are said to have planted a colony in the Island of Cerne; and from thence to have retraced their steps back; and, passing through Numidia and Mauritania, to have advanced, according to Major Rennell, beyond Sierra-Leone; whose mountains are the very same as they denominated "the chariot of the sun;" the description of the country corresponding with the present features of the coast about the Gambia and Senegal.

On the Eastern coast we learn from sacred history, that the earliest voyages were those of Tarshish and Ophir; extending, subsequently, far southward along the coast of the Indian Ocean.

Of the existence of the Cape of Good Hope, there appears to have been no idea; on the contrary, the general opinion was that Africa, at its southern extremity, was united with India and China. It would be foreign to our purpose to investigate every effort which has been made to explore this neglected and

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\* Brewster (Encyclopædia, Art. Egypt,) says "notwithstanding what has been said to the contrary, there is no reason to doubt the authority of Herodotus, who mentions this navigation; for, in those early times, the Phœnicians sailed to Britain for tin; Hanno established colonies on the western coast of Africa; Scylax came from the Indus to the Red-sea; Nearchus passed from the Indus to the Euphrates; and the fleets of Solomon made long voyages in search of gold and precious merchandize."

unknown region; nothing certain is known of these various attempts; nor was it until the fifteenth century that its figure was ascertained, its country colonized, and its coasts completely circumnavigated. To Portugal, one of the most insignificant of the States of Europe, belongs the honour of its more perfect discovery. In the reign of John 1st, a fleet, destined to attack the Moors, advanced as far as Cape Bajador, but the tremendous swell of the Atlantic, appalling the mariners, they were deterred from proceeding any farther. From this period the Portuguese continued advancing from place to place, till they had explored the whole line down to Cape Verd; and in the reign of John II. they had discovered the kingdoms of Benin and Congo, and navigated 1500 miles in extent, parallel to the Equator. An Embassy sent to Abyssinia, was charged to explore the Red Sea, and the coasts of the Indian Ocean; whilst Bartholomew Deaz, on the western side, having discovered a line of coast more than a thousand miles in extent, at length reached the lofty southern Promontory, which he called Cabo Tormentoso, or Storm Cape; which the king, however, from the conviction that it was the prelude to more noble and interesting discoveries, afterwards changed to "the Cape of Good-Hope." To this voyage the discovery of the real form of the African continent is to be ascribed.\*

It will be observed that all these voyages and discoveries relate exclusively to the coast. Nothing seems to have been thought of for exploring the interior; Africa having long been regarded only as a mart for procuring slaves. In the reign of Elizabeth, the English government granted a charter to certain merchants of Exeter, enabling them to trade with Gambia and Senegal; and in the 17th century, a number of English gentlemen, attracted by the reports of the extreme mineral wealth of Africa, formed themselves into a company, for the purposes of exploration and commerce; and in 1620, a cession of Tenda and its vicinity was formally made to this company, by an African king. Little progress, however, was actually made in either object; the Royal African Company having neither contributed to their own wealth, nor to the science of their country. To the African Institution was reserved the honour of having given that impulse to the spirit of discovery, to which the world owes all that is now known of the in-

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\* See Russell's History of Modern Europe. Vol. II. p. 185.



terior of this vast continent. The Travels of Ledyard, undertaken at the instigation of the society, communicated much valuable information concerning Egypt, and would, no doubt, have been equally successful in the central regions, had he not been prematurely cut off by a bilious fever, the sad consequence of painful difficulties, and frequent disappointments. Major Houghton, and Mr. Lucas were, subsequently, alike unfortunate. In Mungo Parke the society found an ardent and ready instrument. As we shall, in a future portion of our survey, have occasion to refer to the discoveries of this successful traveller, we shall only now observe that his first journey produced the most important results. In it he traced the sources of the Senegal, Gambia, and Niger; confirmed the opinions which had been previously entertained of the course of the last river; fixed accurately, the boundaries of the Negroes and Moors; and established a number of geographical positions in a direct line of 1100 miles from Cape Verd. In his second journey, after incurring incredible dangers, he had the satisfaction of beholding, from a ridge of mountain-land, the Niger rolling its vast stream, nearly two miles in breadth, along the plain below. To ascertain the termination of this vast river was the object of his most ardent pursuit. Undaunted by the death of his associate, Mr. Anderson, and by the various difficulties by which he was surrounded, he wrote to Lord Camden, announcing his "fixed resolution to discover the termination of the Niger, or perish in the attempt;" and perish, most unfortunately, he did. Jackson, Tuckey, Bowdich, Ritchie, Lyons, Belzoni, Laing, Denham, Clapperton, and others have, successively, explored these hitherto impervious regions; of the information which they have communicated to the world we shall most freely avail ourselves, when we come to treat of those countries to the exploring of which they respectively have devoted their labours, and their lives.

The natural features of this vast continent are peculiar; its physical form presents few inequalities on its coasts; its harbours seldom afford a safe retreat for vessels, and no gulf or inland sea opens a ready communication with the interior. Its rivers are, comparatively, few; and these but of secondary rank in magnitude. The Nile in the north-east, the Senegal and Gambia, in the west, the Zaire in the south-west, the Cuana in the east, and the mysterious Niger in the interior, are cer-

tainly large and beneficent rivers; but they are destitute of the grandeur which distinguishes the rivers of the new world. Two lakes, Wangara and Maravi, are the only waters of any extent to be found in the interior.

In the other divisions of the world nature displays a greater variety. Each separate country or kingdom, is distinguished not more by the variation of its language, customs, and religion, than by its topographical and physical appearances. Africa, however, presents, in its whole extent, an unvarying appearance. There appears to be good reason to suppose that the whole of this vast continent exhibits an elevation of gradually ascending mountain ranges; the whole body of these mountains forming one great plateau, presenting, toward each coast, a succession of terraces.\* If this theory be correct, and Africa be one immense flat mountain, rising, on all sides, by steps and terraces, we easily conceive that it will not give origin to such narrow, pointed peninsulas, or such long chains of islands, as those by which other continents are terminated. These peninsulas and chains of islands are submarine prolongations of the mountain chains extended across the continents. In Africa nothing similar appears, excepting the Canary islands. The mountains lying parallel to the coast have scarcely any submarine continuation. A sea, clear of islands, washes a coast marked by an even unnotched line. The great island of Madagascar, on the east, is not a prolongation of the continent, but follows a direction parallel to the coast.

Another feature in the Topography of Africa is to be found in the vast plains which occupy the greater part of its extent. Of these the famous desert of Zahara stands pre-eminent; covered with sand and gravel, with a mixture of sea-shells, it looks like the basin of an evaporated sea: some, of a marshy nature, and filled with stagnant lakes, emit effluvia the most destructive to human life, and breed disgusting reptiles, and formidable animals of huge size. Many, also, of the rivers of Africa either terminate in lakes, or lose themselves beneath the sands; finding neither descent nor outlet. Some of them have a long course, and rival the greatest river in the world, as the Niger, or Joliba.

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\* The reasoning by which this theory is supported will be found in Malte Brun's Geography, Vol. IV.

A peculiar feature in the African rivers is their periodical swelling, by which they overflow the countries through which they pass, and particularly those by which their mouths are surrounded. These risings differ in nothing from the floods of our European streams, except in their regular annual return, in the large volume of water which they bring along with them, and the great quantity of mud which they deposit. The periodical rains swell the interior lakes; when these lakes have reached a level high enough to overflow the boundaries of their basins, they suddenly send down into the rivers, previously much swollen, an enormous volume of water impregnated with the soft earth over which it had for some time stagnated. Hence the momentary pauses, and sudden renewals in the rise of the Nile; hence the abundance of fertilizing slime, which would not be found so copious in the waters of rivers which owed their rise solely to the direct influence of the rains.

The general climate of Africa is that of the torrid zone, the far greater portion of it being situated between the tropics. The air incumbent on these hot regions, highly heated, finds a ready access to those portions of the continent situated without the torrid zone, so that those parts which lie contiguous to the tropics are equally torrid with the regions actually intertropical. In Egypt the southerly winds are extremely pernicious; traversing the arid sands of Africa, they arrive in Egypt fraught with all the noxious exhalations of the desert. The sky at their approach, appears dark and heavy, assuming a purple tinge; the sun loses its splendour, and the air, losing its property of sustaining life, becomes gradually heated to such an extreme, that every green leaf is shrivelled, and every thing formed of wood warps and cracks; the streets are deserted, while the finer particles of sand are forced into the houses through every cranny. They are equally injurious to the human constitution; respiration becomes difficult: the pores of the skin are closed, and a feverish heat pervades every substance. These are the hot winds of the desert, which are termed by the Arabs, Simoom, and Sirocco.

The elevation of its surface, the periodical rains, and the sea breezes, alone contribute to moderate the intense heat of the African climate; and these so effectually prevail, that even in the interior of Guinea, or Abyssinia, the temperature is much less scorching and dry than the sandy deserts which lie immediately south of Mount Atlas, though the last are removed

above 30 degrees from the equator. It is not impossible, adds Malte Brun, that in the centre of Africa there may be lofty table lands like those of Quito, or valleys, like the Valley of Cashmere, where, as in those two happy regions, spring holds an eternal reign.

In no region of the world do the empire of fertility and that of barrenness come into closer contact than in Africa. Some of its lands owe their fertility to high wooded mountains moderating the heat and dryness of the atmosphere; more frequently the fertile countries, bounded by vast deserts, form narrow strips along the banks of the rivers, or alluvial plains situated at their place of exit. Another class of fertile lands owes its existence to springs, which here and there, burst forth in the midst of deserts. These spots of verdure are called *Oases*, rising, like islands, in the midst of the ocean. In the contemplation of these insulated, verdant, and fertile spots, originated, among the ancients, the brilliant pictures of the "*Hesperian Gardens*," and "*Islands of the Blest*," which are painted in such glowing colours in the heathen Mythology.

If the natural features of this continent differ from those of the others, so also we find the human species of this part of the world exhibited in a new light. The indigenous Africans may be divided, generally, into two classes; the Moors, and the Negroes. The former are a handsome race, not very dissimilar in stature and physiognomy to the inhabitants of Europe and Western Asia, though darkened by the influence of the climate. These inhabit the northern part of Africa, and seem to be the remains of the Ancient Getulia and Numidians.

The second race is that of the Negroes, inhabiting the interior, and all the west from Senegal to Cape Negros.

Differing, in some respects, from these are the Caffres, occupying the eastern coast; who agreeing in their general features, with our second class, it would hardly appear correct to assign to them a distinct species from the negro inhabitants. Independent of these principal divisions, Africa contains some tribes of a character quite peculiar, such as the Hottentots who inhabit the southern parts of this continent.

The languages or dialects of Africa are supposed to amount to nearly 150. But little similarity prevails among them; and as yet few of them have assumed a fixed and settled character and identity.

(To be continued.)



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**PREJUDICE AND PRINCIPLE:**

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**A Tale.**

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*(Continued from page 21.)*

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Who is that thoughtless stripling, who appears  
Clad in the extreme of fashion—rich  
In all the passing follies of the day,—  
Who, with affected step and borrowed mien,  
Awkwardly apes the manners of the great,—  
Hardens his heart, and enervates his mind,  
To be the first in Pleasure's reeling train,  
Yet feels no satisfaction in the base,  
Joyless corruption of his nobler powers?

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FRANCIS was delayed in his visit to Mrs. Brown's cottage by company, who detained him at home all the morning; and while his thoughts were with Mr. Irvin and his family, he was obliged, with seeming patience, to listen to an affected detail of races which had been held, the day before, on a heath not many miles from the town, delivered by a young dandy, who was studying the law at a solicitor's office in the same street; and who had called in with two young men engaged in the same profession, to enlighten the ideas of the young collegian, with an account of the sport they had witnessed, and the vices of which they had been guilty.

Whatever young Stanhope's failings were, they were not of this class; and he listened with provoking apathy to all their witticisms.

Mr. Johnstone observing the perfect nonchalance with which he heard his discourse, began to rally him on the gravity of his deportment.

"Frank, you are grown very dull of late. I suppose you mean to be a parson after all, and to cheat the fancy of a very good fellow?"

"I have not yet determined on my future destination," replied Francis, coldly; "but, at present, feel myself unworthy to fill the first station, and too much a gentleman to degrade myself in the other." "Umph!" said Johnstone, not in the least disconcerted by this severe reproof—"any thing now-a-days will do for a parson: but, really, you are so sanctified, that the

restraints imposed on churchmen will be too liberal: nothing but a methodist preacher will suit Francis Stanhope."

This speech rousing all the inflammable particles in Stanhope's hasty temper, he answered with an air of bitter contempt, "I wish, Mr. Johnstone, you would find some other subject to exercise your wit on. I listened to the disgusting detail of your yesterday's adventures with politeness, however repugnant to my feelings; but I will stay in no room to hear religion or the church insulted."

He was about to leave the apartment, when Johnstone, who had spoken more from a foolish levity of character than any intention of giving offence, started up, and gently detained him.

"Nonsense, Frank! you are offended.—I was wrong.—I acknowledge my folly, but I did not think you had really grown so serious. The town is sadly altered of late; all the young people are turning evangelicals, and setting up for saints; surely, you cannot be affected by the same mania. If you once tasted the pleasures we enjoy, you would abandon your fanciful theories, your ideal search after virtue, and which, after all, is but a name, and learn, like us, to enjoy life."

"I must learn to enjoy life in a different manner, Mr. Johnstone," returned Francis sternly.—"Your pursuits would afford me no amusement; the scenes you admire are disgusting to a mind of any refinement.—I would not, like you, abuse a good education by so gross a mixture of sensuality."

"Then, I suppose, you renounce all public places of amusement, as vain and sinful?" said Johnstone, who had resumed his seat and his former air of composure.

"The theatre, the race-course, and the ball-room, (and well would it be for you, Henry, if these were your only haunts,) are very well when not made too frequently places of resort; they even help to sweeten the cares of life; but all our thoughts ought not to be wasted on such trifles.—I am grieved," he continued with a milder air—"that you, Johnstone, who possess good abilities, and have ample means to enlighten your mind, should bestow all your talents in such an unprofitable manner."

"An excellent sermon, only it wanted a text," said Henry, determined to be provoking in his turn.—"Now, Stanhope, what old woman has possessed you with such absurd notions?"

Did you ever, in the course of your short life, meet with a man on whom you could with justice bestow the epithet of *good*?"

"If you mean a sinless character, certainly not," returned Francis; "but if a man as virtuous as our frail human nature will admit, will satisfy your enquiry, I think I can name three, whom you all are well acquainted with." Johnstone purposely looked incredulous,—“Well, name them.”

"Mr. Irvin, our excellent vicar; his curate, Mr. George Jervis; and my own esteemed father."

"Why did not you add a fourth, and name his son, ha! ha! As to us, we are such wicked dogs, I was certain we should not be included in your very limited list. Doubtless, these you have named had their follies in their younger days; and when we arrive at their venerable years, we may be wise and excellent too.—"

"Mr. George Jervis is a very young man," returned Francis.

"Oh! I forgot him, he truly deserves the title you have given him; but he is very plain; and ugly people, you know, are not subjected to the temptations which beset such handsome fellows as you and I, Stanhope."

"Really, Henry, I thought myself vain," said Francis, laughing in his turn, "but you surprise me. If your argument can go no farther than yourself, we will, if you please, leave it there."

"Not, at least, till you confess, Francis, who has converted you back to a state of humanity; and forced you, a professed misanthrope, to allow that there are three beings, among your own species, who do not deserve entirely to be hated?"

"It is a subject on which you, Mr. Johnstone, have no authority to question me," said Francis, resuming his natural hauteur. "I shall never interfere with your private opinions or pursuits."

"Perhaps not," returned Henry; his usual levity of manner sinking into a half-checked sigh.—“I hope, Stanhope, we part as friends?”

"As good friends as ever *we* can be," said Francis, laying a strong emphasis on the word *we*.

Then, in token of amity, will you accompany me to the theatre to night?" returned his volatile companion, carefully avoiding to take any notice of the hostile manner in which

Francis had concluded his last speech—"It is the ladies' bespeak."

Francis paused, he had no inclination to go, but a thought occurred to him, that he might gain some useful hints from examining more closely the frivolities of Johnstone's character; and with this charitable motive he replied, "I am not engaged; I will meet you at your lodgings at half past six; but don't expect me a minute beyond that time: I am so *unfashionable* as to be always very punctual."—The young men then shook hands, and parted.

"I wonder how I could ever tolerate the society of that young man?" exclaimed Francis, looking down the street after Johnstone and his companions. "What an useless combination of vanity and conceit! I do not think I shall like Mr. Henry Johnstone again."

"In what has poor Henry so highly offended you?" said his father, who, at that moment, came up to the door, and happened to overhear his son's soliloquy.

"Oh! he is so shallow—so frivolous.—He has no heart—no sensibility.—In short, I detest his society, and am determined, before long, to cut his acquaintance."

"If he heard you, Francis, he might with justice accuse you of intemperance, and want of Christian charity. Henry Johnstone is not a bad young man, though a very faulty one; neither does he possess so vile a heart as you imagine. You have it in your power to be his friend; and, as you are so sensible of his failings, use all your influence to disengage him from the vortex of folly into which he has heedlessly plunged.—Use every argument to make virtue appear lovely in his eyes, and vice detestable."

"I should have little chance of succeeding with one who considers virtue but a name," returned Francis. "No; our pursuits and dispositions are so widely different, that Henry Johnstone and I can never assimilate."

"How often, Francis, must I remind you that practice is superior to precept. I have given you a noble field, in which to exercise your talents—to turn a sinner from the error of his way, and to make a friend of one whom you now falsely consider in the light of an enemy. If I beheld Johnstone in the prejudiced manner that you do, I should not recommend



him as a companion to my only son." Francis could find no answer to this last speech; dissatisfied with himself, therefore, he quitted the room.

The cloth was scarcely removed from the dinner-table, before Francis set forth on his charitable visit to the poor widow's cottage. The path that led to it was through a heathy lane by the side of a common, about a mile from the town. As he strolled down the narrow lane, his attention was diverted from unpleasant reflections by joyous groups of happy children, armed with crooked sticks, and busily employed in gathering blackberries and elderberries to sell, for making the favourite Christmas beverage of their wealthier towns-people.

These wholesome berries arrive at great perfection in the eastern counties of England. The high hawthorn hedges, which enclose the beautiful wooded lanes and dingles in Suffolk, present, at the fall of the year, to the eye of the delighted traveller, a thousand glowing hues, from the vivid scarlet of the holly-berry peeping from among its dark leaves of burnished green, to the rich purples which deck the bramble and white thorn, while the more aspiring briony flings its fantastic wreaths, from tree to tree, of deep and glowing red, tempting the eye and hand of roving children, yet, wisely, placed beyond their reach.

Naturally fond of children, Francis often assisted them in reaching down the brambles which reared their purple treasures far above the heads of the laughing, ragged crew.—The glow of the autumnal sky, the gay tinkling of the sheep-bells from the common, and the hilarity of the scene before him, all successfully restored those tranquil feelings the events of the morning had destroyed.—As he advanced nearer to the cottages, his attention was drawn to a pretty little girl who was sitting on the bank opposite, weeping bitterly.

Thinking she had quarrelled with her gayer comrades, Francis took her tiny hand, and was about to ask the cause of her grief, when a neat young woman stepped across the road calling out to the child, "Come home, Mary; I have got some food for you now."—"What is the matter with your little girl?" said Francis. The young woman dropped a curtsy as she replied—"She is very hungry, sir; we have been in great trouble to-day, and I had not a morsel of bread to give her an hour ago, or money to buy any."

"Poor thing," said Francis, patting the rosy cheek of the child which was still wet with tears: "you might well cry.—But, my good woman, why did you not apply for relief from the parish? our overseer, fortunately, is a humane man, and very attentive to the comforts of the poor."

"We have been a long time on the bounty of the parish,"—returned the young woman: "my husband fell from a ladder, in the spring, and broke his leg; in consequence of which, he lost his work in the hay season and through all this harvest; he did not belong to a club, so that we had only the allowance of six shillings a week from the parish to support ourselves and five small children.—The money we had saved to pay our year's rent went in medicine and nourishing things for my husband; and our landlord, who is a hard man, finding we were not able to pay any of the money, distrained this morning for it; and we must all have gone to the workhouse, if it had not been for the kindness of young Mr. Johnstone."

"Mr. Johnstone!" exclaimed Francis, starting in evident surprise: "how did he prevent it?"

"Dear, good-tempered young gentleman, in the most effectual way.—He was coming down the lane an hour ago with his dogs and gun, just at the moment when I and the poor children were crying and taking on sadly.—He stopped the bailiff, and enquired the cause of our distress, and not only discharged the rent, but, God bless his kind heart! gave me a few shillings to buy bread for my family."

"And Johnstone did this!" said Francis, as he passed on, after having contributed a small donation to the poor woman: "Johnstone, whom I deemed a heartless, extravagant votary of fashion! he capable of performing such a noble, generous action!"—I will court his acquaintance for the future; I will dive deep into his heart, to discover from what mine this gem was extracted."

Another turning in the lane brought him in front of Mrs. Brown's cottage; and, on entering the humble dwelling, the first object that met his eyes was Anne Irvin.

S. S.

(To be continued.)

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MODERN CHIVALRY.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF REDWOOD.

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(Concluded from page 36.)

SPIRITS most magnanimous in prosperity are often most lofty in adversity. Frank Stuart, mutilated by wounds, dejected by the fatal calamities of his faithful crew, irritated by the indignities heaped on him by his unworthy captor, and stung by secret thoughts of some real or fancied injury—chafed and overburdened with many griefs, received, and sullenly obeyed a summons to the presence of the governor. It cannot be denied, that, reluctantly as he appeared before the governor, he surveyed him at his introduction with a look of keen curiosity. He was surprised to see a man rather past his prime, though not yet declined into the vale of years. With generous allowance for the effect of a tropical climate, he might not have been more than forty-five. His physiognomy was agreeable, and his deportment gentlemanly. He received captain Stuart with far more courtesy than was often vouchsafed from an officer of the crown, to one who fought under the rebel banner, and remarking that he looked pale and sick, he begged him to be seated.

Stuart declined the civility, and continued resting on a crutch which a severe wound in his leg rendered necessary.

"You are the commander of the schooner Betsey?" said the governor.

"What's left of him," returned Stuart.

"You appear to be severely wounded," continued the governor.

"Hacked to pieces," rejoined Stuart, in a manner suited to the brevity of his reply.

"Your name, I believe, is Frank Stuart?"

"I have no reason to deny the name, thank God."

"And, thank God, I have reason to bless and honour it," exclaimed the governor, advancing and grasping Frank's hand heartily. "What metal did you deem me made of, my noble friend, that I should forget such favours as you conferred on me, in the persons of my wife and mother."

"I have known greater favours than those forgotten," said

Frank, and the sudden illumination of his pale face, showed how deeply he felt what he uttered.

"Say you so!" exclaimed the governor with good-humoured warmth; "well, but that I am too poor to pay my own debts to you, I should count it a pleasure to assume those of all my species—but heaven grant, my friend, that you do not allude to my wife and mother. I blamed them much for not bringing you on shore with them—but my mother is somewhat over punctilious; and my wife, poor soul! her nerves were so shattered by that sea-fight, that she is but now herself again. On my word, so far from wanting gratitude to you, she never hears an allusion to you without tears, the language women deal in when words are too cold for them. But come," concluded the governor, for he found that all his efforts did but add to Stuart's evident distress; "come, follow me to the drawing-room, the ladies will themselves convince you, how impatient they have been to welcome you."

"Are they apprised," asked Stuart, still hesitating and holding back, "whom they are to see?"

"That are they—my mother is as much delighted as if His Majesty were in waiting, and my wife is weeping with joy."

"Perhaps," said Stuart, still hesitating, "she would rather not see me now."

"Nonsense, my good friend, come along. It is not for a brave fellow like you to shrink from a few friendly tears from a woman's eye."

Nothing more could be urged, and Stuart followed Governor Liston to the presence of the ladies. Lady Strangford rose and offered him her hand with the most condescending kindness. Mrs. Liston rose too, but did not advance till her husband said, "Come, Selina, speak your welcome to our benefactor—he may misinterpret this expression of your feelings."

"Oh no," she said, now advancing eagerly, and fixing her eyes on Stuart, while her cheeks, neck, and brow were suffused with crimson, "Oh no, Captain Stuart knows how deeply I must feel benefits, which none but he that bestowed them could forget or undervalue."

"It was a rule my mother taught me," replied Frank with bluntness, softened however by a sudden gleam of pleasure, "that givers should not have better memories than receivers." There was a meaning in his honest phrase hidden from two of



his auditors, but quite intelligible to her for whom it was designed, and to our readers, who have doubtless already anticipated that the Honourable Mrs. Liston was none other than the fugitive Perdita. A sudden change of colour showed that she felt actually Stuart's keen though veiled reproach.

"A benefit," she replied, still speaking in a double sense, "such as I have received from you, Captain Stuart, may be too deeply felt to be acknowledged by words—now heaven has given us the opportunity of deeds, and you shall find that my gratitude is only inferior to your merit." Stuart was more accustomed to embody his feelings in action than speech, and he remained silent. He felt as if he were the sport of a dream, when he looked on the transformed Perdita. He knew not why, but invested, as she now was, with all the power of wealth and the elegance of fashion, he felt not half the awe of her, as when in her helplessness and dependence, "*he had fenced her rounde with many a spelle,*" wrought by youthful and chivalric feeling.

He perceived, in spite of Mrs. Liston's efforts, that his presence was embarrassing to her, and he would have taken leave, but the governor insisted peremptorily on his remaining to dine with him. Then saying that he had indispensable business to transact, and must be absent for a half hour, he would, he said, "leave the ladies to the free expressions of their feelings."

When he was gone, Mrs. Liston said to her mother, "I do not think your little favourite, Francis, is quite well to-day—will you have the goodness to look in upon him, and give nurse some advice." The old lady went without reluctance, as most people do to give advice, and Mrs. Liston turned to Stuart, and said, "I gave my boy your name, with a prayer that God would give him your spirit. Do not, oh do not think me," she continued, her lip quivering with emotion, "the ungrateful wretch I have appeared. I am condemned to silence by the pride of another. My heart rebels, but I am bound to keep that a secret, which my feelings prompt me to publish to the world." Stuart would have spoken, but she anticipated him: "Listen to me without interruption," she said; "my story is my only apology, and I have but brief space to tell it in. It was love, as you once guessed, that led me to that mad voyage to America. I had a silly passion for a young Virginian, who had been sent to England for his education—he was nineteen, I

fifteen, when we promised to meet on board the ship which conveyed me to America. His purpose, but not his concert with me, was discovered, and he was detained in England. You know all the events of my enterprise. I left a letter for my father, informing him that I had determined to abandon England, but I gave him not the slightest clue to my real designs. I was an only, and as you will readily believe, a spoiled, child. My mother was not living, and my father, hoping that I should soon return, and wishing to veil my folly, gave out that he had sent me to a boarding-school on the Continent, and himself retired to Switzerland. When I arrived in London, I obtained his address and followed him. He immediately received me to apparent favour, but never restored me to his confidence. His heart was hardened by my childish folly, and though I recounted to him all my sufferings, I never drew a tear from him; but when I spoke of you, and dwelt on the particulars of your goodness to me, his eye would moisten, and he would exclaim, 'God bless the lad.' I must be brief," she continued, casting her eye apprehensively at the door; "Mr. Liston came with his mother to Geneva where we resided; he addressed me—my father favoured his suit, and though he is, as you perceive, much older than myself, I consented to marry him, but not, as I told my father, till I had unfolded my history to him. My father was incensed at what he called, my folly—he treated me harshly—I was subdued, and our contest ended in my solemnly swearing never to divulge the secret, on the preservation of which he had fancied the honour of his proud name to depend."

"Thank God, then," exclaimed Frank with a burst of honest feeling, "it was not your pride, cursed pride, and I may still think on Perdita as a true, tender-hearted girl: it was a pleasant spot in my memory," he continued, dashing away a tear, "and I hated to have it crossed with a black line."

Mrs. Liston improved all that remained of her mother's absence in detailing some particulars, not necessary to relate, by which it appeared that notwithstanding she had dispensed with the article of love in her marriage, (we crave mercy of our fair young readers,) her husband's virtue and indulgence had matured a sentiment of affection, if not as romantic, yet quite as safe and enduring, as youthful passion. She assured Stuart that she regarded him as the means of all her happiness. "Not

a day passes," she said, raising her beautiful eyes to heaven, "that I do not remember my generous deliverer, where alone I am permitted to speak of him." The old lady now rejoined them, bringing her grandchild in her arms. Frank threw down his crutch, forgot his wounds, and permitted his full heart to flow out, in the caresses he lavished on his little namesake.

The governor redeemed Stuart's schooner, and made such representations before the admiralty court of Stuart's merits, and of the ill treatment he had received from the commander of the frigate, that the court ordered the schooner to be refitted and equipped, and permitted to proceed to sea at the pleasure of captain Stuart. He remained for several days domesticated in the governor's family, and treated by every member of it with a frank cordiality suited to his temper and merits. Every look, word, and action, of Mrs. Liston, expressed to him, that his singular service was engraven on her heart. He forbore even to allude to it, and with his characteristic magnanimity never inquired, directly or indirectly, her family name. He observed a timidity and apprehensiveness in her manner that resulted from a consciousness that she had, however reluctantly, practised a fraud on her husband, and he said "that having felt how burdensome it was to keep a secret from his commander for a short voyage, he thought it was quite too heavy a lading for the voyage of life."

The demonstrations of gratitude which Stuart received from Governor Liston and his family, he deemed out of all proportion to his services, and being more accustomed to bestow than to receive, he became restless, and as soon as his schooner was ready for sea, he announced his departure, and bade his friends farewell. He said the tears that Perdita (he always called her Perdita,) shed at parting, were far more precious to him than all the rich gifts she had bestowed on him.

At the moment Stuart set his foot on the deck of his vessel, the American colours, at the governor's command, were hoisted. The generous sympathies of the multitude were moved, and huzzas from a thousand voices rent the air. Governor Liston and his suit, and most of the merchant vessels, then in port, escorted the schooner out of the harbour. Even the stern usages of war cannot extinguish that sentiment in the bosom of man, implanted by God, which leads him to do homage to a brave and generous foe.

Captain Stuart continued to the end of the war, to serve his country with unabated zeal, and when peace was restored, the same hardy spirit that had distinguished him in perilous times, made him foremost in bold adventure.

He commanded the second American trading vessel that arrived at Canton after the peace; and this vessel with which he sailed over half the globe, was a sloop of eighty tons, little more than half the size of the largest now used for the river trade. This adventure will be highly estimated by those who have been so fortunate as to read the merry tale of Dolph Heilegher, and who remember the prudence manifested, at that period, by the wary Dutchmen in navigating these small vessels: how they were fain to shelter themselves at night in the friendly harbours with which the river abounds, and, we believe, to avoid adventuring through Haverstraw-bay or the Tappan-sea, in a high wind.

When Stuart's little sloop rode into the port of Canton, it was mistaken for a tender from a large ship, and the bold mariner was afterwards familiarly called by the great Hong merchants, "the one-mast captain."

Fifty-seven years have gone by since the Hazard sailed from Oxford, and our hero is now enjoying, in the winter of his life, the fruits of a summer of activity and integrity. Time, which he has well used, has used him gently—his hair is a little thinned and mottled, but is still a sufficient shelter to his honoured head. His eye, when he talks of the past, (all good old men love to talk of the past,) rekindles with the fire of youth; his healthful complexion speaks his temperance; and a double row of unimpaired ivory justifies the pleasant vanity of his boast, that he can still show his teeth to an enemy.

Professional carelessness or generosity has left him little of the world's 'gear,' but he is rich—for he is independent of riches. He says he would recommend honest dealings and an open hand, to all who would lay up stores of pleasant thoughts for their old age; and he avers—and who will gainsay him?—that in the silent watches of the night, the memory of money well bestowed is better than a pocket full of guineas. He loves to recount his boyish pranks, and recal his childish feelings—how he rattled down the chincapins on the devoted heads of a troop of little girls; and how he was whipped for crying to go with Braddock and be a soldier: but above all,



he loves to dwell on some of the particulars we have related, and, in the sincerity of religious feeling, to ascribe praise to that Being, who kept his youth within the narrow bounds of strict virtue.

I saw him last week surrounded by his grandchildren, recounting his imminent dangers and hair-breadth escapes to a favourite boy, while the nimble fingers of rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed little girls were employed in making sails for a miniature ship, which the old man has just completed. Long may he enjoy the talisman that recalls to his imagination, labour without its hardship, and enterprise without its failure—and God grant gentle breezes and a clear sky to the close of his voyage of life!

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### IRISH PECULIARITIES.

THE Irish peasant never answers any questions directly. In some districts, if you ask him where such a gentleman's house is, he will point and reply, "Does your honour see that large white house there, all amongst the trees there, with a green field before it?" You answer, "Yes." "Well," says he, "plaze your honour, that's not it; but do you see the big brick houses, with the cow-houses by the side of that same, and a pond of water?" "Yes." "Well, plaze your honour, that's not it; but if you plaze, look quite to the right of that same house, and you'll see the top of a castle amongst the trees there, with a road going down to it *betune* the bushes?" "Yes." "Well, plaze your honour, that's not it neither; but if your honour will come down this bit of a road a couple of miles, I'll shew it you sure enough; and if your honour's in a hurry, I can run on hot foot\* and tell the squire your honour's galloping after me? Ah, who shall I tell the squire, plaze your honour, is coming to see him; he's my own landlord, God save his honour day and night.

*Barrington's Sketches.*

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\* A figurative expression for "with all possible speed," used by the Irish peasants, by taking short cuts and fairly hopping along. A young peasant would beat any good traveller.

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**MODERN LITERATURE.**

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DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY OF BAGDAD, ITS INHABITANTS, CUSTOMS, &c.

*(Concluded from page 12.)*

THE dominion of Assad Pasha extends from Bussorah on the south, to Mardin on the north, and on the confines of Persia and Koordistan on the east, to the frontiers of Syria and Palestine on the west. These are the nominal boundaries of his territory, though his actual influence does not extend so far, particularly on the east and west, where independent Koord chiefs and Arab sheiks set his power at defiance. Bagdad is always considered as the great frontier town of the Turkish empire towards Persia; and, poorly as it is fortified, when compared with European cities holding a similar position, it has nevertheless hitherto opposed a successful resistance to the attempts of the Persians against it, and is equally secure against the most powerful of the Arabs, the Wahabees.

The force of the Pasha for defence is raised entirely within the town; and in this, as in every other department of his government, he receives no assistance from the great capital of Constantinople, so that, except in name, he may be considered as quite independant of the Sultan. His force consists of about two thousand horsemen, variously mounted and equipped; a small park of artillery, composed of ten pieces; and a body of infantry, who generally accompany him as personal guards, and do not exceed one thousand men.

The service of a foot-soldier is always held to be disreputable in Turkey, and the infantry of Bagdad are in every sense worthy of being so considered. The corps is made up of the refuse of every class of society, and no man is of too bad a character to be admitted into it. The pay is only three piastres (less than a Spanish dollar) per month for each man, out of which he is expected to provide himself with most of the necessary articles of life.

There are some of the great tribes of Arabs in the vicinity of Bagdad, who, by long established usage, consider themselves bound, for their provisions only, to do military service on any great emergencies that may require their aid; and other Arab troops are generally to be procured for a very small pay. The

Pashas of Koordistan are, also, generally on such good terms with the pasha of Bagdad, as to be ready to supply him with five or six thousand horse, in case of need: so that, at a short notice, twenty or thirty thousand troops of this mixed and undisciplined kind can be collected together, either to march out on the offensive, or to defend the city.

The trade of Bagdad consists chiefly in Indian manufactures and produce, received by way of Bussorah from Bengal, and distributed into the Nedjed country through Syria, and over Koordistan, Armenia, and Asia Minor. It is said to have increased within the last ten years, from two annual vessels to six, under the English flag, [besides those sailing under Arab colours. This is considered to be an effect of the great moderation of the present government in its demands. It is thought, indeed, by those best informed on the subject, that there is no part of the Turkish empire where the people are so little oppressed as here, and where trade is consequently under fewer burdens or restraints.

The communication between Bagdad and Bussorah is now chiefly carried on by boats on the Tigris, though it was formerly carried on by way of Hillah, on the Euphrates. The latter track is now rendered unsafe, from there being a large tribe in possession of both banks of the river, who give refuge to all the desperate characters of the surrounding country, and who live chiefly by plunder. The boats used for conveying merchandize on the river are from twenty to fifty tons burthen, and are fitted with masts and sails, for using when the wind serves. In favourable seasons, when the northerly wind prevails, the passage from Bagdad down to Bussorah is made in seven or eight days; but in calms the boats are from ten to fifteen days in accomplishing the same distance, though they have the current always in their favour. In coming up the stream, however, they are obliged to track or tow along the shore for the greater part of the way, and then, thirty and even forty days have been consumed in making the voyage from Bagdad to Bussorah. The smaller vessels, used for bringing supplies of provisions and fruit to the city, are circular boats of basket-work, covered with skins, of the same description as those used on these rivers in the days of the most remote antiquity. The city is supplied with its drinking water from the Tigris, being brought to the houses in goats' skins, which are

conveyed on the backs of animals to every man's door, in the same manner as Cairo is supplied from the Nile of Egypt; the convenience of water-works, cisterns, reservoirs, and pipes, being here unknown.

The Pasha was, at this period, said to be so poor, that he had been obliged to borrow twenty-five thousand piastres from the merchants of Bagdad, in small portions from each, in order to give the Georgians of his army their stated allowances, for the festivities of the month of Ramadan. Avaneeahs, or arbitrary contributions, extorted as gifts, which are common in all other parts of Turkey, are said, however, to take place but rarely here; and when they do, they are invariably levied on the officers of government, and never on the trading part of the community. An instance was related to me of the recent incapacity of the government to answer a demand on it of so small a sum as five thousand piastres, when the money was raised by loans on five separate merchants, who had each an order given to him on the revenue of the customs, to the amount supplied. This enabled them to repay themselves, by the exemption, which such an order afforded them, from the regular duties on their goods, until the amount of it should be paid off. The effect of this moderation and justice on the part of the government, is every where felt, giving great activity to commerce, and general satisfaction to all those engaged in it, so unusual is even this ordinary honesty in the rulers of the Turkish cities generally.

At the same time that the trade in Indian commodities is said to have been lately extended at Bagdad, beyond its former bounds, the trade from Persia is considered to have greatly declined. Not many years since, Bagdad was a central depôt for the productions and manufactures of Persia, intended for the Syrian, Armenian, and Turkish markets; but the Persians having found the route of Arzeroum and Tocat, to be a safe and easy way to Constantinople, the goods formerly deposited here, as in a central mart, are now carried by that route direct to the Turkish capital, to the greater profit of the original Persian dealers, and to the corresponding loss of the dealers in Bagdad, through whose hands they formerly passed.

Among all classes of people in this city, there is an apparent deficiency of wealth; and it is not only the want of the accustomed splendour among the military, that strikes one on com-



ing from Egypt, and the large provinces of the Turkish Empire; but the poverty of appearance in all the inferior classes, offers an unfavourable contrast to the gay assemblage of fine colours, which are prevalent amongst the lowest orders of the people at Damascus, and other similar towns on the way.

At Bagdad, some few fine horses are to be seen, in the stables of the guards that attend the Pasha, but still finer mares are used by some of the wealthier merchants, many of these costing from two to three thousand piastres, or £150 sterling each. The Arabs sometimes also bring in good horses from the Desert; but, upon the whole, the difficulty of getting a fine blood animal is much greater at this place, than could be expected from its vicinity to the Nedjed country, the grand source of supply for the finest horses in the world.

Excellent camels are to be found in great numbers, all of the single-humped kind; and buffaloes are as numerous along the banks of the Tigris as they are on the borders of the Nile or the Ganges. It was at this place that I first saw the humped bullock, so common in India, and found also in southern Arabia, along the coasts of Yemen, but not known in Egypt, or in the northern parts of Mesopotamia.

One of the peculiarities of Bagdad is its race of white asses, which, as at Cairo, are saddled and bridled for the convenience of passengers from one part of the town to another, wheeled carriages of any description being unknown. These are equally as large and spirited as the Egyptian ass, and have as easy and speedy a pace. They are frequently spotted over with colours, and otherwise fantastically marked with red stains of the Henna plant, in a manner that would fit them for any grotesque pantomimes in which the English clown Grimaldi distinguishes himself, but which species of ornament seems ill adapted to the general gravity of a Moslem city.

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### VALUE OF TIME.

An Italian Philosopher expressed in his motto, "that time was his estate." An estate which will, indeed, produce nothing without cultivation; but which will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence; to be overrun with noxious plants; or laid out for show, rather than use.

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## NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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**THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE, EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.** With a Preliminary View of the French Revolution. By the Author of "Waverley," in 9 vols. London. 1827.

The Life of one, who has acted so prominent a part in the affairs, not only of Europe, but of the world, as Napoleon Buonaparte, cannot fail to prove a work both of interest and importance. Whoever recollects the events of the late war; and contemplates their influence on the affairs of the world, and on the well-being of mankind, cannot fail to recognize their importance, and to desire that they may produce some beneficial influence on the future destiny of mankind. History is the school of princes; and many lessons of sound wisdom may therein be learned, both by them and their subjects, if they be really disposed to profit by experience. In addition to the matter of these volumes, they derive no ordinary interest from the pen by which they are traced. Much will naturally be expected, on this occasion, from the celebrity of the writer, as well as from that of the hero: how far expectation is likely to be gratified, we will now endeavour to ascertain.

The Preliminary View of the French Revolution occupies two volumes; it opens with a statement of the actual condition and relative situation of the great monarchies of Europe, after the peace of Versailles, in 1783; and traces the various circumstances and events which preceded, and prepared the way, for all the horrors of the Revolution, up to the very period when the fury of the storm burst upon the world, in all its desolating and destructive influence. The judgments and dispensations of Heaven are more frequently just than men can either see or believe; and there is no doubt that the interference of the French government in the war between Great Britain and her colonies, was, eventually, and retributively, destructive to the throne of France. The vague ideas of liberty and the rude notions of reform, imbibed by the French army, in America, led, unquestionably, on its return after the war, to the most pernicious and fatal consequences. That the court and government of France needed reformation, there can be no doubt; but an impetuous army, flushed with victory, and directed by a blind and enthusiastic love of liberty, could, surely, never be considered as fitted for the delicate and difficult task of reform; and the result proves the infatuation and the folly of those who fostered a spirit which they wanted energy and skill to control. We think the historian has been happy in his delineation of individual characters,

and that his view of public affairs generally, at, and before, the Revolution, is both candid, moderate, and just. Of his portraiture we offer to our readers that of the Jacobin Triumvirate, Danton, Robespierre, and Marat; as being peculiarly happy and correct.

“Danton deserves to be named first, as unrivalled by his colleagues in talent and audacity. He was a man of gigantic size, and possessed a voice of thunder. His countenance was that of an Ogre on the shoulders of a Hercules. He was as fond of the pleasures of vice as of the practice of cruelty; and it was said, there were times when he became humanised amidst his debauchery, laughed at the terror which his furious declamations excited, and might be approached with safety, like the Maelstrom at the turn of tide. His profusion was indulged to an extent hazardous to his popularity, for the populace are jealous of a lavish expenditure, as raising their favourites too much above their own degree; and the charge of speculation finds always ready credit among them, when brought against public men. Robespierre possessed this advantage over Danton, that he did not seem to seek for wealth, either for hoarding or expending, but lived in strict and economical retirement, to justify the name of the Incorruptible, with which he was honoured by his partisans. He appears to have possessed little talent, saving a deep fund of hypocrisy, considerable powers of sophistry, and a cold exaggerated strain of oratory, as foreign to good taste, as the measures he recommended were to ordinary humanity. It seemed wonderful, that even the seething and boiling of the revolutionary cauldron should have sent up from the bottom, and long supported on the surface, a thing so miserably void of claims to public distinction; but Robespierre had to impose on the mind of the vulgar, and he knew how to beguile them, by accommodating his flattery to their passions and scale of understanding, and by acts of cunning and hypocrisy, which weigh more with the multitude than the words of eloquence, or the arguments of wisdom. The people listened as to their Cicero, when he twanged out his apostrophes of *pauvre peuple, peuple vertueux!* and hastened to execute whatever came recommended by such honied phrases, though devised by the worst of men, for the worst and most inhuman of purposes. Vanity was Robespierre's ruling passion; and though his countenance was the image of his mind, he was vain even of his personal appearance, and never adopted the external habits of a *sans culotte*. Amongst his fellow Jacobins, he was distinguished by the nicety with which his hair was arranged and powdered; and the neatness of his dress was carefully attended to, so as to counterbalance, if possible, the vulgarity of his person. His apartments, though small, were elegant, and vanity had filled them with representations of the occupant. Robespierre's picture at length hung in one place, his miniature in another, his bust occupied a niche, and on the table were disposed a few medallions, exhibiting his head in profile. The vanity which

all this indicated was of the coldest and most selfish character, being such as considers neglect an insult, and receives homage merely as a tribute: so that, while praise is received without gratitude, it is withheld at the risk of mortal hate. Self-love of this dangerous character is closely allied with envy, and Robespierre was one of the most envious and vindictive men that ever lived. He never was known to pardon any opposition, affront, or even rivalry; and to be marked in his tablets on such an account was a sure, though perhaps not an immediate, sentence of death. Danton was a hero, compared with this cold, calculating, creeping miscreant; for his passions, though exaggerated, had at least some touch of humanity, and his brutal ferocity was supported by brutal courage. Robespierre was a coward, who signed death-warrants with a hand that shook, though his heart was relentless. He possessed no passions on which to charge his crimes; they were perpetrated in cold blood, and upon mature deliberation. Marat, the third of this infernal triumvirate, had attracted the attention of the lower orders by the violence of his sentiments in the journal which he conducted from the commencement of the Revolution, upon such principles that it took the lead in forwarding its successive changes. His political exhortations began and ended like the howl of a blood-hound for murder; or, if a wolf could have written a journal, the gaunt and famished wretch could not have ravened more eagerly for slaughter. It was blood which was Marat's constant demand, not in drops from the breast of an individual, not in puny streams from the slaughter of families, but blood in the profusion of an ocean. His usual calculation of the heads which he demanded amounted to two hundred and sixty thousand; and though he sometimes raised it as high as three hundred thousand, it never fell beneath the smaller number. It may be hoped, and, for the honour of human nature, we are inclined to believe, there was a touch of insanity in this unnatural strain of ferocity; and the wild and squalid features of the wretch appear to have intimated a degree of alienation of mind. Marat was, like Robespierre, a coward. Repeatedly denounced in the assembly, he skulked instead of defending himself, and lay concealed in some obscure garret or cellar among his cut-throats, until a storm appeared, when, like a bird of ill-omen, his death-screach was again heard. Such was the strange and fatal triumvirate, in which the same degree of cannibal cruelty existed under different aspects. Danton murdered to glut his rage; Robespierre, to avenge his injured vanity, or to remove a rival whom he envied; Marat, from the same instinctive love of blood which induces a wolf to continue his ravage of the flocks long after his hunger is appeased."

From the preliminary survey we now turn to the Life itself.

As to the biography, we shall not attempt any abridgment of its contents. The leading features of the Emperor's history are too well known, and its events too recent to require much detail. We shall content our-



selves, therefore, with the mention of one or two individual facts, less known, indeed, yet bearing intimately on the character of our hero.

At the age of 17, Buonaparte, then a lieutenant of artillery, became a candidate for literary honours; and was, anonymously, a competitor for the prize offered by the academy of Lyons, on Raynal's question "What are the principles and institutions, by application of which, mankind can be raised to the highest pitch of happiness?" The prize was adjudged to the young soldier. But it would seem that his maturer experience did not coincide with his juvenile theories respecting government, as, many years after, he is said to have destroyed this very essay, when Talleyrand got it out of the records of the Academy.

The following anecdote is so highly honourable to Buonaparte's generosity, that we cannot withhold it from our readers. When the Austrian General surrendered Mantua to the conquering French, the young victor paid a delicate and noble-minded compliment, in declining to be personally present when the veteran Wurmser had the mortification to surrender his sword, with his garrison of 20,000 men, 10,000 of whom were fit for service. This self-denial did Napoleon as much credit nearly as his victory, and "must not," says our author, "be omitted in a narrative, which, often called to stigmatise his ambition and its consequences, should not be the less ready to observe marks of dignified and honourable feeling."

Those who would wish to find Sir Walter Scott the apologist of Napoleon's errors; or who would, on the other hand, expect from him nothing but angry invective against his misdeeds, will be, alike, disappointed. Nor can we refuse to present to our readers the impartial summary which our author offers to our attention, of Napoleon's character: "In closing," says he, "the life of Napoleon Buonaparte, we are called upon to observe, that he was a man tried in the two extremities of the most exalted power, and the most ineffable calamity: and if he occasionally appeared presumptuous, when supported by the armed force of half a world, or unreasonably querulous when imprisoned within the narrow limits of St. Helena, it is scarcely within the capacity of those whose steps have never led them beyond the middle path of life, to estimate either the strength of the temptations to which he yielded, or the force of mind which he opposed to those which he was able to resist."

Having spoken of the matter, we must now hastily speak of the manner, of these volumes. Amid so great a mass and a variety of information, it would be unreasonable to imagine that some errors, both of facts, and dates, and places, might not be found; but they are far less numerous than might have been anticipated in so extensive a work: indeed, so little are the general veracity of the writer, and the accuracy of his statements affected, that we venture to assert, that most generally, they may be confidently relied on. A tone of moderation and impartiality pervades

the whole work, highly creditable to the author, and to his annals; and which, notwithstanding some negligences of style, and some other defects, inseparable from so laborious an undertaking, will, we doubt not, obtain for it a popularity and respect not unworthy the lighter efforts of his pen.

**THE LETTRE DE CACHET; a Tale. THE REIGN OF TERROR; a Tale.** London. 1827.

These tales are intended to illustrate two eras of French history; distinct in their character, but interesting, and even important, in their events. The one carries us back to the brilliant court of Louis XIV. with all its gallantry, intrigue, and refinement; the other discloses to us the horrors of anarchy, and all the appalling circumstances of lawless tyranny. The author has judiciously treated his subject; in his delineations of the human passions, in all their variety of dark and malignant influence, and in their shades of difference; and in his description of the affections of the human bosom, in all their loveliest and most endearing qualities, he has discovered a talent, which gives promise of much future excellence; and for the exercise of which he has, on this occasion, rendered us his debtor,

**TWO YEARS IN AVA; by an Officer of the Staff.** London. 1827.

Omitting all political matters and occurrences; details of military operations; and narrations of brilliant exploits, and successful battles, we offer the notice of the present volume to our readers, principally, that we may, by the following extract, introduce them to the females of this, hitherto, unknown nation.

"The Burman women pay great attention to the adornment of their persons. Their hair is tied in a bunch, at the back of the head; and as a quantity of it is considered a great beauty, false tails, sometimes two or three in number, are ingeniously mixed with the real hair, so as to form a large knot, which is further adorned with flowers. In the ears, instead of rings, they wear rolls of gold, about half an inch in diameter; and round the neck gold chains, differing, in make and value, according to the wealth of the owner. The lower garment consists of one single piece of variegated silk, of different patterns: this is wrapped round the body, partly covering the bosom, and tucked in under the arm. It falls as low as the ankle, but being open in front, and merely lapping over a little when moving, if they walk, discloses the whole of the leg; only one limb being visible at a time, according to the forward step. Custom soon deprived this dress of the indecent appearance which at first struck us. It is peculiar to the whole of this part of Asia, and has been so from time immemorial. The 'engee,' a light muslin jacket, worn open, and red sandals, complete the habiliments of the sex. Those moving in higher circles wear the same, only of more costly stuffs. The Burman women are well made, but not distinguished either by the height or delicacy of their person;

some, indeed, have remarkably fair complexions, and their features partake much of the Tartar origin; their hair and eyes are black, but the latter, generally speaking, not so handsome as those of the Hindoostan women. In order to improve their appearance, they rub the face, hands, and bosom, with powder of sandal wood, and tinge the tips of their nails with red; they, however, considerably diminish their pretensions to beauty, by constantly chewing the beetle nut, and paun leaf, which blacken the teeth, and give the inside of the lips and the tongue a disgusting appearance: added to which, the cheroot, made of chopped tobacco, wrapped up in a teak-leaf, is never out of their mouths. The most extraordinary idea that the Burmans have adopted, with regard to beauty, is, that of accustoming the girls, from the earliest age, to turn the inside of the elbow out, as if dislocated. This is the *ne plus ultra* of elegance, and in all statues and drawings they are represented in this posture. Seeing an old woman with her arm distorted, I examined it, and found that practice had rendered it so flexible, that it moved with equal facility, either way. The old lady was quite proud of the degree of curve she could give the arm, and appeared much flattered by my notice of it.

THE EPICUREAN: a Tale, by Thomas Moore. London. 1827.

Mr. Moore is an acknowledged master of the passions. The author of "Lalla Rookh," and the "Loves of the Angels," can never come before the public, but with acceptance and favour. Yet, it is as a poet, that he has, hitherto, been most advantageously and successfully known: in future, he will not be less so, as a prose writer, who can, by the interest of his story, as well as by the magic of his verse, obtain and arrest the attention of his readers. The Epicurean takes us back to those days when Christianity imparted courage to the timid, and gave a character of the most exalted heroism to the faith of its converts: when its profession exposed not only to suffering, but to death; and when he who would be a Christian must needs be a martyr, also.

Alciphron, the devoted admirer and disciple of the epicurean philosophy, at Athens, becomes satiated with the enjoyments which his religion not only permits, but prescribes. He leaves Athens, in search of a happiness more perfect and permanent than that to which he had been accustomed. In Egypt he seeks the desire of his heart; and revelling in the fragrance, beauty, and enchantment of Memphis, deems his happiness complete.—Yet, even amid this paradise, the mind finds no resting-place,—the soul no certain joy. The idea of the instability of his enjoyments, presses deeply on his mind, and throws a gloomy, melancholy hue over the fairest scenes. The eternal principle within, looks to abiding, settled peace,—the pleasures of the world only mock its expectations, and disappoint its hopes. Here he sees, and loves Alethe, a priestess of Isis, who, abjuring a false religion

for the true, flees from Memphis, to associate herself with the Christian converts of Nubia; won by her, first to the profession, and subsequently to the faith of Christ, Alcipheon woos and wins the heart of Alethe. But on the eve of their marriage, the hand of tyranny and persecution tears away the flattering prospect, and consigns Alethe, not to the bridal chamber, but to a prison, and converts the anticipated bliss and blessedness of their union into the pangs of an eternal farewell. It would be in vain to attempt any description of the meeting between the lovers in the prison, save in the glowing language of our author; nor will we do him or our readers the injustice to attempt its compression.

**INTRIGUE, OR WOMAN'S WIT AND MAN'S WISDOM.** By Mrs. Mosse. 4 vols. London.

This is a sprightly novel of its class; the whole end and aim of the work being to display the fascinating powers of the tender sex against the vaunted accomplishments of man. The female reader, in this work, will meet with a hundred regular well-fought contests between the high powers, the feminine party of course coming off victorious. The incidents are, generally, well-contrived, and the characters hit off with pleasantry and spirit.

#### **Intelligence relative to Literature and the Arts.**

*Songs of a Stranger*, by F. Virgil, will shortly be published.

Very interesting intelligence has been received from the expeditions of Captain Franklin and Captain Beechy, within the Arctic Circle. It appears from the most recent accounts, that, proceeding from different sides of the American continent, they were, at one time, within one hundred miles of each other. After waiting at Chamisso Island, above Icy Cape, the appointed rendezvous with Captain Franklin, the Blossom being for some time on scanty allowance, Captain Beechy, to the deep mortification of himself and crew, was obliged to surrender the last hope, and to sail for San Francisco, on his return to Europe.

Dr. Southey has nearly completed a history of Portugal, from its earliest date down to the commencement of the last war.

Four editions of Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Napoleon* have been published at Paris: two in French, and two in English. Public curiosity was very deeply excited at its first announcement; but as yet, it has not been received with much eclat.

We are happy to announce that Dr. Brewster, of Edinburgh, is about to publish a *System of Popular and Practical Science*. The design of this new publication will be to furnish young persons, in particular, with a series of popular works on the various branches of science, brought down to the humblest capacities, and yet capable of imparting scientific knowledge to the best-informed ranks of Society.







*Fashionable Promenade & Evening Dresses for August 1857*

*Invented by Miss Pierpoint, Edward Street, Portman Square*

THE  
MIRROR OF FASHION,  
FOR AUGUST, 1827.

PROMENADE-DRESS.

A DRESS of ethereal blue muslin: the skirt is finished under the border with a full flounce of the same material, marked at regular distances by three narrow flutings of muslin: the body is made high, over which is a richly worked pelerine spencer of clear muslin; sleeves *en gigôt*, fastened at the wrists with gold bracelets. White bonnet, of gros de Naples, trimmed with puffings of the same material, and ornamented with flowers.—Lemon coloured kid gloves; and black kid shoes.

DINNER-DRESS.

A DRESS of clear Madras muslin worn over a white satin slip: the skirt is ornamented with two rows of beautiful lozenge trimming, composed of muslin doubled, each lozenge trimmed round with narrow lace, and the whole surmounted by very richly embroidered satin work: the boddice is rather high, and crosses over the bust with a delicate running pattern: the sleeves are *en gigôt*, and finished at the shoulders and wrist with points to correspond with the skirt: next the hand are broad gold bracelets, pearl necklace, and earrings.—White kid-gloves, and shoes.

HEAD-DRESS.

In the first circles of fashion, the hair is worn in large bows, interspersed with flowers, or very rich jonquil-coloured riband; if this is preferred, the bows must be put at a greater distance, to admit the riband between with proper effect. The front hair is not worn so thick as last month; it is drest exceedingly full, with the curls much raised, but so very light as to be perfectly transparent: this is much more elegant and becoming than when worn so thick and heavy, and admits a much greater display of taste.

These new and beautiful dresses were invented by Miss PIERPOINT, Edward-street, Portman-square; and the tasteful head-dress, by MR. COLLEY, Bishopsgate-street.

**GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.**

**PELISSES** of gros de Naples, of the most delicate summer colours, are very prevalent for walking dresses: they are made as plain and simple as possible. In the evening, the elegant shawl of Chinese crape is much in favour: the fringes of these shawls are exceedingly rich and beautiful. Gauze shawl-handkerchiefs, of the richest and most varied colours, are in high estimation, and very appropriate for the out-door costume of young ladies: the patterns, which are of the most exquisite kinds, are of satin raised brocade, on a ground of striking tint: the borders consist of stripes of various colours in satin, and very beautifully shaded. Canezou spencers of tulle, elegantly embroidered with Brussels lace, are much worn: those of white muslin, worn over dresses of pale lapis-grey, are also a favourite out-door costume: the canezou is of the fichu-kind, with a falling collar.

Bonnets of French white gros de Naples, are very appropriate to the season, and justly admired: they are trimmed with puffings of the same material, interspersed with small bouquets of flowers. These bonnets are of an elegant shape and becoming size; they are made short at the ears, and have a fine broad white blond at the edge of the brim. Leghorn hats, and those of white chip, are very prevalent; they are tastefully trimmed with broad shaded riband, with strings of the same, floating loose. Village hats of very fine Dunstable, simply ornamented with riband, and tying under the chin, are much in request for the promenade; they are of a moderate size, and generally worn with white veils. The bonnet of white, or lavender coloured gros de Naples, are in most instances lined with pink, and ornamented with white blond at the edge of the brim, headed by a rouleau. We have seen some very elegant carriage bonnets of white gros de Naples, ornamented round the crown, by a wreath of full-blown white roses.

Chintzes of the most elegant patterns, beautiful colours, and finest texture, are preferred by ladies of taste; they are universally worn throughout the morning promenade, and not unfrequently retained during the day by young ladies: then, with elegant ornaments, and the hair tastefully arranged, these exquisite specimens of home manufacture form a delightful attire. Co-



coloured silk canezous, worn with white muslin skirts, have been recently introduced: the canezou is made partially low, with short, full sleeves: those of muslin, which are worn with coloured silk skirts, are richly embroidered, with the collars and sleeves trimmed with lace. The flounces of silk gowns are cut on bias, and are very broad. On white muslin dresses, the favourite trimming at the border consists of lace on the hem next the shoe, set on rather full; above that are seven or eight small tucks, placed very close together; another flounce of lace with tucks is then added, and the whole surmounted by embroidery. Transparent sleeves of coloured crape, or Italian net, the same colour as the gown, are much worn with dresses of gros de Naples.

We have seen a very elegant evening-dress of white watered gros de Naples, trimmed with two flounces of the same material; each flounce embroidered at the edge with coloured floize silk; the upper flounce was surmounted by a rich and splendid embroidery in bouquets, consisting of fancy flowers of various bright colours, with purple thistles. The body was made *en gerbe*, with a very narrow plaited tucker of blond; the sleeves were *en gigôt*, with cleft mancherons, finished round the edge in delicate embroidery of different colours. With this beautiful dress was worn a hat of white chip, ornamented with feather-net plumage, shaded with blue.

Young ladies are seldom seen with any other head-dress than their own hair; but as this is now become so general, those among the higher classes often wear a small cap of coloured gauze; this is placed very far backward, inclining to one side, and lightly ornamented with flowers. Turbans are much in favour with matronly ladies; as are caps for home costume, of very fine lace, ornamented with bows of riband, half gauze, and half satin, of the most beautiful colours and pattern. At the Opera, the other evening, we much admired an elegant hat of white crape, the crown of which was in the form of a large beret: the brim was turned up in front by straps, which fastened under with a button, and appeared to fasten a very large white plume, which, taking a spiral direction, fell gracefully over the bust.

The most approved colours are, myrtle-green, the various shades of grey, ethereal blue, pink, lilac, and violet.

## THE PARISIAN TOILET.

*Paris, July 21st, 1827.*

On a number of pelisses are worn pelerines in the form of a shawl, the ends placed under the girdle: the points, which fall over the shoulders, are open, so as to form jokeys: behind, the pelerine descends in a rounding shape as far as the middle of the back. On pelisses of organdy, the bias ornaments have a very pretty effect; sometimes two are placed on each side of the front, and then the border of the petticoat is in like manner trimmed with two bias ornaments, one of which is very large, and that of the top of the same size as those on the front. A number of dresses of *côte-pali* are trimmed with two bias ornaments, or three broad tucks: they are puckered every where, and nearly always of delicate colours. We have remarked some very elegant dresses of dove-coloured *côte-pali*; they were trimmed with two bias ornaments of *gros de Naples* of the same colour: these ornaments, laid on smooth, were figured towards the border in the shape of leaves, a little bent. Ladies who wear these dresses have scarfs of white gauze cachemere, embroidered in silk; the colour, bird of Paradise. Their hats, of rice straw, are trimmed with several branches of leaves, half green and half yellow, which are intermixed with ribands of dove-coloured gauze, pinked with green. On other dresses of *côte-pali*, are worn double round pelerines of the same material as the dress; these pelerines are trimmed with a fringe of twisted silk: the collar is composed of a ruche of tulle.

Leghorn bonnets of the finest quality, intended for the morning costume, are simply ornamented with white gauze ribands; the knots placed under the brim, are then arranged so as to represent a kind of small cap: sometimes these ribands, ornamented with narrow blond lace, are of great elegance, and most advantageous to the face. We have seen a very pretty Leghorn hat, the crown of which was ornamented with a garland of fern branches, intermixed with shepherdess roses: this pastoral trimming was in perfect harmony with a simple dress of white organdy, trimmed with a large bias ornament, and confined at the waist by a girdle scarf of green gauze. A number of white flat feathers are worn on Leghorn hats, and even on those of rice straw. Three large, or five middling-sized plumes, or seven small

ones, are generally used; or a single one of an enormous size, and which, fastened on one side of the hat, goes quite round the head, falls over the brim, and sometimes floats over the shoulder. Nearly all the bouquets for ornamenting hats, are composed of verdure; some are intermixed with flowers on hats trimmed with green gauze ribands: wild poppies are placed between the shells of ribands. Hats of white gros de Naples, ornamented with coloured flowers, and bonnets of pink and yellow gauze ribands, are worn in great variety.

The number of *barège* dresses augments daily; many young ladies wear them of a celestial blue colour: they are trimmed at the border of the skirt, which is puckered all round, with three broad tucks: a white scarf, and a hat of rice straw, ornamented with shell-work of blue gauze, are worn with this beautiful costume.—A very young, and very lovely woman, alighted from a brilliant equipage the other day, and mingled in the gay crowds of the *Thuilleries*: her costume was quite original: over a skirt of rose-coloured *barège*, trimmed with three broad tucks, was a robe of rose-coloured *berège*, in the blouse style, and descending as far as the knees in the form of tunics; at the border was a very broad hem placed at an equal distance from the tucks of the skirt: there were no jokeys on the shoulders, which were very bare; her long white sleeves were of *jaconet*, confined at the wrists by three bracelets of gold chains: a scarf of India muslin, quite plain, was thrown over the neck, and a hat of rice straw, without any other ornament than a veil of white gauze; and two strings of gauze, which floated, tended to give quite an aerial aspect to this costume, which called to mind the nymph *Egeria* traversing the shades of the sacred wood.

For morning gowns, *ginghams* are all the rage: although this taste is rather too common, yet our manufacturers have contrived to give to these stuffs a degree of perfection, and an elegance of design, as to render them worthy of being worn by the most elegant fashionables.

Very elegant muslin and silk dresses, are often worn with short sleeves; the more the warm weather increases, the more we see re-appear the large white sleeves of tulle or gauze, on coloured dresses.

The most delicate colours are those which are most esteemed for silk dresses; greys of a thousand shades, pale green, solitaire, blue, and rose-colour.

THE  
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

---

THE IRISHMAN;

---

BY THE RIGHT HON. JOHN P. CURRAN.

---

THE savage loves his native shore,  
Though harsh the wind and chill the air,  
Well then may Erin's sons adore  
Their land by nature form'd so fair:  
What stream can boast a shore so sweet  
As rural Boyne or pastoral Bann?  
Or who a friend or foe can meet,  
So generous as an Irishman?

His hand is rash, his heart is warm,  
But principle is still his guide;  
None more rejects a deed of harm,  
Nor yet forgives with nobler pride:  
He may be duped, but won't be dared,  
Fitter to practise than to plan,  
He nobly earns his poor reward,  
And spends it like an Irishman.

If poor or strange, with you he'll stray,  
Or bring you where you safe may be;  
Are you his comrade? while you stay,  
His cottage holds a Jubilee.  
His inmost soul he will unlock,  
And if he may your merits scan,  
Your confidence he scorns to mock,  
For faithful is an Irishman.

By honour ruled, in weal or woe,  
Whate'er she bids he dares to do;  
His country's threatened,—'gainst the foe,  
Try him, in fire you'll find him true:



He seeks not safety, but his post,  
Be where it ought, in danger's van,  
And if the field of fame be lost,  
'Twill not be by an Irishman.

Erin! loved land, from age to age,  
May you be still more famed, more free;  
Soft peace be your's, or, if you wage  
Defensive war, cheap victory.  
May plenty bloom in every field,  
May healthful breezes sweetly fan,  
And pleasure's smile serenely gild  
The breast of every Irishman.



[A lady (perhaps too partial) taking compassion on Mr. Curran's want of gallantry, supplied the verse which she justly thought he might have addressed to his countrywomen.]

YE daughters of fair Erin's isle!  
Who are her sons' most dear reward,  
How blest is he who wins that smile  
Which native modesty would guard:  
Your temper's sweet, your hearts are true,  
Nor envy nor deceit we scan;  
And foreign princes, viewing you,  
Might envy many an Irishman.

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#### TRUTHS.

OH, I have known what 'tis to love,  
And vows of mutual love t' obtain;  
And then have known what 'tis to prove,  
Those vows but faithless, light, and vain.  
And I have known what 'tis to trust  
To friendship, as a sacred claim;  
And find the man I valued most,  
A friend—in nothing but the name.  
Fond hope to cherish, have I known,  
And trust the sun-shine of its beam;  
But when I thought its joys my own,  
I found them but a meteor's gleam.

C. M.

## TO EMMA.

" Loin de vous mon cœur soupire,  
 Pres de vous Je suis interdit,  
 Voila tout ce que j'ose vous dire,  
 Et peut-être j'ai trop dit !"

DEAREST EMMA, tell me why  
 Do I heave this deep-drawn sigh?  
 Why this anguish in my soul,  
 Which hopes and fears by turn control?  
 Why this torture in my breast,  
 And whence this painful, pleasing guest?  
 To thee, fair Emma! I apply,  
 For well thou know'st the reason why.  
 He must be more or less than man,  
 Who can unconcerned remain,  
 When he sees thee, sylph-like, move  
 More beauteous than the Queen of Love;  
 And sees thy eyes of heavenly blue,  
 And thy neck of fairest hue,  
 And thy cheeks of lovely die,  
 Where the rose and lily vie;  
 Who sees, in short, thy every grace  
 Of mind, of person, and of face!  
 " But, luckless wight, as sure thou art,  
 Why wilt thou probe thy wounded heart,  
 In fancy thus call up each grace  
 To spoil thy rest, destroy thy peace,  
 As if Dame Fortune had not played  
 Thee pranks enough without Love's aid,—  
 As if she had not yet in store  
 As many still, perhaps, and more?"  
 This is stern Reason's counsel high,  
 But pass'd be it unheeded by:  
 For Emma! wheresoe'er I go,  
 Through future scenes of bliss or woe;  
 Thy image still shall bear a part,  
 A corner in my faithful heart:  
 And though thou ne'er may'st think on me,  
 My every thought shall cling to thee.

April 22d, 1827.

VOTRE AMANT.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

---

FAINTING with the noon-tide heat,  
Dragging slow his weary feet  
    Along the burning road;  
The soldier, tired of war, returns,  
With love his glowing bosom burns,  
    Though bent beneath his load.

For ruthless war through many a year,  
Had doomed the hapless wanderer  
    Through hostile climes to roam;  
Now peace return'd, his days to cheer,  
Restores him to his children dear,  
    His wife—and native home.

Toil, time, and care, have worn his frame,  
But left his faithful heart the same,  
    With love and rapture light;  
For now his native scenes appear,  
And soon his love, and all that's dear,  
    Shall bless his anxious sight.

A blooming girl now caught his view,  
And on him as a glance she threw,  
    How her young blue eyes smiled!  
"It is my own dear girl!" he cries,  
"It is—she has her mother's eyes,  
    " My own—my darling child."

He said, and snatch'd her to his breast,  
And kisses on her cheek impress'd,  
    But utterance was denied.  
"Oh come—mamma will be so glad,  
For long she has been very sad,"  
    The smiling damsel cried.

Embow'ed within a shelt'ring wood,  
His dear paternal cottage stood,  
    Th' abode of peace and joy—  
Arrived—his Mary's fond alarms  
Are still'd—his aged father's arms  
    Enfold the gallant boy.

His children cling around, and note  
 The crimson sash, and scarlet coat,  
     And helmet's nodding plumes,  
 The neighbours come—the nut-brown ale  
 Is broach'd, and many a lively tale  
     The wanderer welcomes home.

CHARLES M—.

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LINES.

How sweet to roam the meadow through,  
     When evening shades prevail;  
 Or at the mornings early dew,  
     When the sweet hay-cock scents the vale!

How sweet, the woods and vales to range,  
     To hear the birds in concert join;  
 Their mutual vows and sighs exchange,  
     Where love and joy do ever reign!

Sweet is the glance which lovers give,  
     And sweeter still the lengthen'd sigh,  
 Which proves how dull their lives to live  
     When neither one the other's nigh.

But sweeter far Religion's voice,  
     Which calms and soothes the sufferer's woe,  
 That bids the Christian firm rejoice  
     To end a life of cares below.

ELIZA.

---

THE FIRST-BORN BOY.

AH! who can paint a Mother's joy,  
 When she beholds her first-born boy!  
 She clasps her infant in her arms,  
 And prints the kiss that rapture warms.

No tongue can tell, no pen impart,  
 The sweetest transports of her heart;  
 As now the cherub opes his eyes,  
 The mother views with fond surprise.



And now as with the fondest pleasure  
The father holds his darling treasure,  
The grateful tears roll down his cheek,  
Those silent words that more than speak.

In ecstasy he lifts his prayer,  
And gives his child to God's own care;  
And dreams of future bliss arise,  
Whilst hope and fear meet in his eyes.

Now to the mother's watchful care,  
Consigns his charge to revel there,  
In all of sweet parental love,  
And heavenly mercies from above.

ELIZA.

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HOME.

---

Our natal spot has a bewitching charm,  
Which serves to keep each fond remembrance warm.

OVID.

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THERE is a spot, a pensive spot,  
And all beside I value not:  
'Tis in a little flow'ry dale,  
Where summer fragrance spreads her veil.  
It has a soft, a soothing power:  
There oft I've spent the mournful hour:  
Beneath its silence and repose,  
No heart hath envied, no heart knows.  
And from this spot I'll never roam,  
For this pretty spot is Home.

There is a spot, a pensive spot,  
And all beside I value not;  
It is a garden rich and fair,  
And Carmel spreads her fragrance there.  
There oft I cull from classic page,  
The joys and toils of mortal stage,  
With Virgil's strains and Homer's measure,  
Pass the fleeting hour with pleasure;  
And from this spot I'll never roam,  
For this pretty spot is Home.

F. VIRGIL.

## SIMILITUDES.

THE cloud that darkling passes o'er  
 The vast expanse of azure sky,  
 But leaves it clearer than before,  
 All pure, all calm serenity.  
 Or if that cloud obscure awhile  
 Pale Cynthia's orb, and veil her smile,  
 It briefly veils—then breaks away,  
 And leaves more pure and bright her ray.

And thus the sigh that softly heaves  
 O'er Beauty's gently throbbing breast,  
 Hush'd soon, that snowy bosom leaves  
 In lovelier purity confess'd.  
 And thus the tear the bright eye's beam  
 That dims with soft suffusing stream,  
 That drop of pity, wiped away,  
 But bids it smile with heav'nlier ray.

C. M.

## NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have attentively re-perused P. P.'s "Adventure;" but, with every disposition to deal encouragingly with young writers, we are compelled to decline its insertion.

Poetry, by Miss Turner, is received, and will be inserted.

The Correspondence of the late Jonathan Wilderspin, esq. is received.—We shall take an early opportunity of looking it over; and of giving a decided opinion on its merits.

T. M.—Eliza.—J. B.—n.—My Sister's Birth-day, are received.

M. L. D.'s letter, and notice of errata, are thankfully received.—We request the conclusion of her Tale.

The communications of S. S. are always acceptable; those just received will meet early insertion.

*Poeta nascitur, non fit*, is a doctrine to which we most heartily subscribe; and yet we feel that unless exuberance of genius be restrained by art, as well as by good taste, we cannot reasonably look for poetic excellence. We, therefore, regret to observe in much of the Poetry which has recently reached us, a very general neglect of all rule; and an indulgence in a loose, measureless style, which sets all order, regularity, and harmony, at defiance. In many pieces which are now before us, and where there are evident indications of poetic talent, we have two, three, and even four syllables superabundant in a single line. Surely such transgressions of all poetic licence cannot be venial.—We trust this hint will not be lost on such writers as —: but we forbear their enumeration in the confident hope of their amendment.





*Painted by M. Shee, R.A.*

*Engraved by T. Woolcutt*

*Thomas Moore, Esq.*

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